

# A SHAKESPEARE READER

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WILHELM VIËTOR

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# SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION.



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- A SHAKESPEARE PHONOLOGY, with a Rime-Index to the Poems as a Pronouncing Vocabulary. (Companion volume to A SHAKESPEARE READER.) Marburg: *Elwert*. XVI, 290 pp. Paper covers, 5 m. 40; cloth, 6 m.
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- WIE IST DIE AUSSPRACHE DES DEUTSCHEN ZU LEHREN? Marburg: *Elwert*. 4<sup>th</sup> ed. 1906. 33 pp. Paper covers, 60 pf.
- ELEMENTE DER PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 5<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. XIII, 386 pp. Paper covers, 7 m. 20; cloth, 8 m.
- KLEINE PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 4<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. XVI, 132 pp. Paper covers, 2 m. 40; cloth, 2 m. 80.
- (English edition: ELEMENTS OF PHONETICS, ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN. Translated and adapted by Walter Rippmann from Prof. Viëtor's "Kleine Phonetik." London: *Dent & Co.* 1899. 4<sup>th</sup> thousand. X, 137 pp. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.)
- DIE AUSSPRACHE DES SCHRIFTDEUTSCHEN. Mit phonetischen Texten. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 6<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. VIII, 119 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; boards, 1 m. 80.
- GERMAN PRONUNCIATION: Practice and Theory. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. 1903. VIII, 137 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; cloth, 2 m.
- DE UITSpraak VAN HET HOOGDUITSCH. Voor Nederlanders bewerkt door W. Viëtor en T. G. G. Valette. Haarlem: *de Erven F. Bohn*. 2<sup>nd</sup> revised ed. 1902. IV, 48 pp. Paper covers, 50 cts.
- DEUTSCHES LESEBUCH IN LAUTSCHRIFT. Leipzig: *Teubner*. Part I. 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. 1904. XII, 158 pp. Part II. 1902. VI, 139 pp. Cloth, 3 m. each.
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# SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION

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## A SHAKESPEARE READER

*IN THE OLD SPELLING  
AND WITH A PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION*

BY

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"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I  
pronounced it to you . . ."



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## PREFACE.

IN order to illustrate what I believe to be the pronunciation of Shakespeare, I have selected a variety of extracts for *viva voce* reading from Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and the Sonnets, and from all the plays in the first Folio, with the exception of The Comedy of Errors, Henry VI., Troilus and Cressida, and Titus Andronicus. I venture to hope that the familiar passages here presented in a phonetic form will thus gain a new antiquarian interest, without losing anything of their old power and charm. In spite of the deplorable state of the text and other difficulties I have not resisted the temptation to include in this unpretending "Shakespeare revival" part of the amusing French scene in Henry V.

My sincerest thanks are due to Lektor H. Smith, M. A., of Marburg, and to Dr. A. Buchenau, of Darmstadt, for the trouble they have taken in helping to secure the typographical correctness of the texts. Most of the sheets have also been kindly revised by Herr stud. phil. W. Schwank and Herr stud. phil. F. Tischner.

MARBURG, July 1906.

W. V.

## ABBREVIATIONS.

F = (first) Folio.

Q = (first) Quarto.

om. = omitted.

Q<sub>2</sub> = second Quarto.

Other contractions do not require any explanation.

## KEY TO PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION.

(Reprinted from A Shakespeare Phonology, §§ 4, 6 and 7.)

\* \* The phonetic notation is that of the Association  
Phonétique Internationale.

## VOWELS.

<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Mixed.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>High.</i> i:, i, ij, iu		u:, u, uw
<i>Mid.</i> e:, e, eu	ə	o:, o, oi, ou
<i>Low.</i> æ:, æ, æi		a:

*Shakespearian Sounds.      Modern Sounds.*[i:] in *be* = Northern E. *e* in *be*; no after-glide.[i] › *lip* = *i* in *lip*.[ij] › *by* = exaggerated London E. (and usual  
Cockney) *e* in *be*.[iu] › *due* = *u* in *due*; the first element stressed.[e:] › *sea* = Northern E. *ea* in *bearing*.[e] › *let* = *e* in *let*.[eu] › *few* = *e* in *let* followed by *oo* in *too*; the first  
element stressed.[æ:] › *name* = *a* in *can*, long.[æ] › *can* = *a* in *can*; the less palatal Northern E.  
variety.

[æi] » *day* = *a* in *can* followed by *e* in *be*; opener than *ay* in *day*.

[a:] » *saw* = Northern E. and Cockney *a* in *father*.

[o:] » *go* = less open than *aw* in *saw*; like the first element of *ow* in *own*.

[o] » *on* = less open than *o* in *on*.

[oi] » *joy* = *oy* in *joy*; the first element, however, less open.

[ou] » *own* = *ow* in *own* (cf. [o:]).

[u:] in *too* = Northern E. *oo* in *too*; no after-glide.

[u] » *up* = *u* in *put*.

[uw] » *how* = exaggerated London E. *oo* in *too*.

All the vowels, when unstressed, are more or less obscured, verging on [ə] (which is now used for *a* in *about*, *o* in *bishop*, &c.).

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### CONSONANTS.

	<i>Labial.</i>	<i>Dental.</i>	<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>Stops.</i>	b-p	d-t		g-k
<i>Nasals.</i>	m	n		ŋ
<i>Liquids.</i>		l, r		
<i>Continuants.</i>	w, v-f	d-θ, z-s, ʒ-ʃ	j-ç	x

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# A SHAKESPEARE READER.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE following texts are printed from the first Quarto of each of the poems, and from the first Folio of the plays respectively. Mistakes have been corrected in the text, the original readings, except in the case of irrelevant irregularities in punctuation and the like, being given in a note.

In accordance with the companion volume, *A Shakespeare Phonology*, the phonetic transcription is intentionally general and simple. As word and sentence stress are wholly or mostly the same as in present English, and as occasional deviations in word stress are sufficiently indicated by the metre, they have not been marked. Similarly, weak vowels have not been distinguished from the corresponding strong vowels; thus [æ] is used for [ǣ] as well as for [æ], *ago* e. g. appearing as [ægo:], i. e. [ǣ'go:], and almost [ɔ'go:]. Phonetic doublets have been only sparingly added. Fluctuations in quantity are pointed out by inserting (:) into the text. Where the (:) is restricted to riming words, as in the case of *love* = [lu(:)v], the meaning is that Shakespeare possibly deviated from his regular form in order to improve the rime.

FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

LOUE comforteth like sun-shine after raine,  
800 But lusts effect is tempest after sunne,  
Loues gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,  
Lusts winter comes, ere sommer halfe be donne:  
    Loue surfets not, lust like a glutton dies:  
    Loue is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

\*

\*

\*

LO here the gentle larke wearie of rest,  
From his moyft cabinet mounts vp on hie,  
855 And wakes the morning, from whose siluer brest,  
The sunne ariseth in his maiestie,  
    Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
    That Ceader tops and hils, seeme burnisht gold.

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,  
860 Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,  
From whom ech lamp, and shining star doth borrow,  
The beautious influence that makes him bright,  
    There liues a sonne that suckt an earthly mother,  
    May lend thee light, as thou doest lend to other.

865 This sayd, she hasteth to a mirtle groue,  
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,  
And yet she heares no tidings of her loue;  
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,  
    Anon she heares them chaunt it lustily,  
870 And all in hast she coasteth to the cry.

# FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

luv kumforteð lijk sunsijn æfter ræin,  
 but lusts efekt iz tempest æfter sun; 800  
 luvz dzent,l sprin duð a:l wæiz fref remæin,  
 lusts winter kumz e:r sumer ha:f bi dun;  
     luv surfets not, lust lijk æ gluton dijk;  
     luv iz a:l triuð, lust ful ov fordzed lijz.

\*            \*

jo:, he:r de dzent,l lærk, we:ri ov rest,  
 from his moist kæbinet muwnts up on hij,  
 ænd wæ:ks de mornin, from hwu:z silver brest 855  
 de sun ærijzeð in hiz mædzestij;  
     hwu: duð de world so glo:rĩusli bihould,  
     dæt se:der-tops ænd hilz si:m burnift gould.

ve:nus sæliuts him wið dis fæir gud-moro: :  
 "o: duw kle:r god, ænd pætron ov a:l lijt, 860  
 from hwu:m e:tf læmp ænd sijniȝ stær duð boro:  
 de beutius influens dæt mæ:ks him brijt,  
     der livz æ sun dæt sukt æn e(:)røli muder,  
     mæi lend di: lijt, æz duw dust lend tu uder."

dis sæid, fi hæ(:)steð tu æ mirt,l gro:v, 865  
 miuziȝ de mornin iz so mutf o:r worn,  
 ænd jit fi he:rz no tidiȝz ov her lu(:)v:  
 fi hærk,nz for hiz huwndz ænd for hiz horn:  
     ænon fi he:rz dem tǣnt it lustilij,  
     ænd a:l in hæ(:)st fi ko:steð tu de krij. 870

And as ſhe runnes, the buſhes in the way,  
 Some catch her by the necke, ſome kiſſe her face,  
 Some twine<sup>1</sup> about her thigh to make her ſtay,  
 She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict imbrace,  
 875 Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,  
 Haſting to feed her fawne, hid in ſome brake.

\* \* \*

SHE lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,  
 1125 She whiſpers in his eares a heauie tale,  
 As if they heard the wofull words ſhe told:  
 She liſts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,  
 Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darkneſſe lies.

Two glaſſes where her ſelfe, her ſelfe beheld  
 1130 A thouſand times, and now no more reflect,  
 Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,  
 And euerie beautie robd of his effect;  
 Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,  
 That thou being dead, the day ſhuld yet be light.

1135 Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,  
 Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:  
 It ſhall be wayted on with iealouſie,  
 Find ſweet beginning, but vnſauorie end,  
 Nere ſetled equally, but high or lo,  
 1140 That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his wo.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,  
 Bud, and be blaſted, in a breathing while,  
 The bottome poyſon, and the top ore-ftrawd  
 With ſweets, that ſhall the trueſt ſight beguile,  
 1145 The ſtrongeſt bodie ſhall it make moſt weake,  
 Strike the wiſe dumbe, and teach the foole to ſpeake.

<sup>1</sup> twin'd.

ænd æz fi runz, de bufez in de wæi  
 sum kætʃ her bij de nek, sum kis her fæ:s,  
 sum twijn æbuwt her θij tu mæ:k her stæi:  
 fi wijldli bre:keθ from dæir strikt imbræ:s,  
 lijk æ miltʃ do:, hwu:z sweliŋ dugz du æ:k, 875  
 hæ(:)stiŋ tu fi:d her fa:n hid in sum bræ:k.

\*                      \*

fi luks upon hiz lips, ænd dæi ær pæ:l;  
 fi tæ:ks him bij de hænd, ænd dæt iz kould;  
 fi hwisperz in hiz e:rz æ he(:)vi tæ:l, 1125  
 æz if dæi hærd de wo:ful wordz fi tould;  
 fi lifts de kofer-lidz dæt klo:z hiz ijz,  
 hwe:r, lo:, tu: læmps, burnt uwt, in dærknes lijz;

tu: glæsez, hwe:r herself herself biheld  
 æ θuwzænd tijmz, ænd nuw no mo:r reflekt; 1130  
 dæir vertiu lost, hwe:rin dæi læ:t ekseld,  
 ænd ev(e)ri beuti robd ov hiz efekt:

“wunder ov tijm,” kwoθ fi:, “dis iz mij ʃpijt,  
 dæt, duw bi:ŋ ded, de dæi fu:ld jit bi lijt.

“sins duw ært ded, lo:, he:r ij profesij: 1135  
 soro: on luv he:ræfter ʃæl ætend:  
 it ʃæl bi wæited on wið dʒelusij,  
 fijnd swi:t biginiŋ, but unsæ:v(o)ri end,  
 ne:r settled e:kwæli, but hij or lo:,  
 dæt a:l luvz ple(:)ziur ʃæl not mætʃ hiz wo:. 1140

“it ʃæl bi fik,l, fa:ls, ænd ful ov fra:d,  
 bud ænd bi blæsted in æ bre:ðiŋ-hwijl;  
 de botom poiz,n, ænd de top o:rstræ:d  
 wið swi:ts dæt ʃæl de triuest sijt bigijl:  
 de stronggest bodi ʃæl it mæ:k mo:st we:k, 1145  
 strijk de wijz dum ænd te:tʃ de fu:l tu spe:k.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,  
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,  
 The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,  
 1150 Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treasures,  
 It shall be raging mad, and fillie milde,  
 Make the yong old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,  
 It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,  
 1155 It shall be mercifull, and too seueare,  
 And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust,  
 Peruerse it shall be, where it shoves most toward,  
 Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of warre, and dire euent,  
 1160 And set dissention twixt the sonne, and fire,  
 Subiect, and seruill to all discontents:  
 As drie combustious matter is to fire,  
 Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,  
 They that loue best, their loues shall not enioy.

1165 By this the boy that by her side laie kild,  
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
 And in his blood that on the ground laie spild,  
 A purple floure sproong vp, checkred with white,  
 Resembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,  
 1170 Which in round drops, vpon their whiteneffe stood.

She bowes her head, the new-sprong floure to smel,  
 Comparing it to her Adonis breath,  
 And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,  
 Since he himselfe is rest from her by death;  
 1175 She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appeares,  
 Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares.

"it fæl bi spæ:riŋ ænd tu: ful ov rijot,  
 te:tʃiŋ dekrepit æ:dʒ tu tre(:)d de me(:)ziurz;  
 de stæ:riŋ ruʃiæn fæl it ki:p in kwijet,  
 pluk duwn de ritiʃ, inritʃ de pu:r wið tre(:)ziurz; 1150  
 it fæl bi ræ:dʒiŋ-mæd ænd sili-mijld,  
 mæ:k de juŋ ould, de ould bikum æ tʃijld.

"it fæl suspekt hwe:r iz no ka:z ov fe:r;  
 it fæl not fe:r hwe:r it ʃu:ld mo:st mistrust;  
 it fæl bi mersiful ænd tu: seve:r, 1155  
 ænd mo:st dese:viŋ hwen it si:mz mo:st dʒust;  
 pervers it fæl bi hwe:r it ʃouz mo:st towærd,  
 put fe:r tu væler, kurædʒ tu de kuwærd.

"it fæl bi ka:z ov wær ænd dijr events,  
 ænd set disensjōn twikst de sun ænd sijr; 1160  
 subdʒekt ænd servil tu a:l diskontents,  
 æz drij kombustjūs mæter iz tu fijr:  
 siθ in hiz prijm de(:)θ duθ mij luv destroi,  
 dæi dæt luv best dæir luvz fæl not indʒoi."

bij dis, de boi dæt bij her sijð læi kild 1165  
 wæz melted lik æ væ:por from her sijt,  
 ænd in hiz blud dæt on de gruwnd læi spild,  
 æ purp,l fluwr spruŋ up, tʃekred wið hwijt,  
 rezemблиŋ wel hiz pæ:l tʃi:ks ænd de blud  
 hwitʃ in ruwnd drops upon dæir hwijtnes stud. 1170

ʃi buwz her hed, de niu-spruŋ fluwr tu smel,  
 kompæ:riŋ it tu her ædo:nis bre(:)θ,  
 ænd sæiz, widin her bu:zom it fæl dwel,  
 sins hi: himself iz reft from her bij de(:)θ:  
 ʃi krops de sta:k, ænd in de bre:tʃ æpe:rz 1175  
 gri:n dropiŋ sæp, hwitʃ ʃi kompæ:rz tu te:rz.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guife,  
 Sweet iffue of a more sweet fmelling fire,  
 For euerie little griefe to wet his cies,  
 1180 To grow vnto himfelfe was his defire;  
 And fo tis thine, but know it is as good,  
 To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,  
 Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.  
 1185 Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
 My throbbing hart fhall rock thee day and night;  
 There fhall not be one minute in an houre,  
 Wherein I wil not kiffe my sweet loues floure.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
 1190 And yokes her filuer doues, by whole fwift aide,  
 Their miftrefse mounted through the emptie skies,  
 In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,  
 Holding their courfe to Paphos, where their queen,  
 Meanes to immure her felfe, and not be feen.

FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THOSE that much couet are with gaine fo fond,  
 135 That what they haue not, that which they poffeffe  
 They fcatter and vnloofe it from their bond,  
 And fo by hoping more they haue but leffe,  
 Or gaining more, the profite of exceffe  
 Is but to furfet, and fuch griefes fultaine,  
 140 That they proue banckrout in this poore rich gain.



"pur fluwr," kwoθ fi; "dis wæz dij fæderz gijz—  
 swit isiu ov æ mo:r swit-smeliŋ sijr—  
 for ev(e)ri lit,l gri:f tu wet hiz ijz:  
 tu gro: unto himself wæz hiz dezi:r. 1180  
 ænd so: tiz dijn; but kno: it iz æs gud  
 tu wider in mij brest æz in hiz blud.

"he:r wæz dij fæderz bed, he:r in mij brest;  
 duw ært de nekst ov blud, ænd tiz dij rijt:  
 lo:, in dis holo: kræ:d,l tæ:k dij rest. 1185  
 mij θrobiŋ hært fæl rok di dæi ænd nijt:  
 der fæl not bi o:n miniut in æn uwr  
 hwe:rin ij wil not kis mij swit luvz fluwr."

dus we:ri ov ðe world, æwæi fi hijz,  
 ænd jo:k:s her silver duvz; bij hwu:z swift æid 1190  
 dæir mistres muwnted θru: ðe empti skijz  
 in her lij:t t:færiot kwikli iz konvæid;  
 houldiŋ dæir ku:rs tu pæ:fos, hwe:r dæir kwi:n  
 me:nz tu imiur herzelf ænd not bi si:n.

## FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

do:z dæt mutf kuvet ær wid gæin so fond,  
 dæt hwæt dæi hæ:v not, dæt hwitf dæi pozes 125  
 dæi skæter ænd unlus it from dæir bond,  
 ænd so:, bij ho:piŋ mo:r, dæi hæ:v but les;  
 or, gæiniŋ mo:r, ðe profit ov ekses  
 iz but tu surfet, ænd sutf gri:f:s sustæin,  
 dæt dæi pru:v bæŋkruwt in dis pur-ritf gæin. 140

The ayme of all is but to nourfe the life,  
 With honor, wealth, and ease in wainyng age:  
 And in this ayme there is fuch thwarting strife,  
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:  
 145 As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,  
     Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth coft  
     The death of all, and altogether loft.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be  
 The things we are, for that which we expect:  
 150 And this ambitious foule infirmitie,  
     In hauing much torments vs with defect  
     Of that we haue: fo then we doe neglect  
     The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,  
     Make fomething nothing, by augmenting it.

\*

\*

\*

HER lillie hand, her rofie cheeke lies vnder,  
 Coofning the pillow of a lawfull kiffe:  
 Who therefore angrie feemes to part in funder,  
 Swelling on either fide to want his bliffe.  
 390 Betweene whose hils her head intombbed is;  
     Where like a vertuous Monument fhee lies,  
     To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,  
 On the greene couerlet whose perfect white  
 395 Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,  
     With pearlie fwet refembling dew of night.  
 Her eyes like Marigolds had fheath'd their light,  
     And canopied in darkenefse sweetly lay,  
     Till they might open to adorne the day.

de æim ov a:l iz but tu nurs de lijf  
 wid onor, welθ, ænd e:z, in wæ:niŋ æ:dʒ;  
 ænd in dis æim der iz sutʃ θwærtiŋ strijʃ,  
 dæt o:n for a:l, or a:l for o:n wi gæ:dʒ;  
 æz lijf for onor in fel bæʃ,lz rædʒ; 145  
     onor for welθ; ænd oft dæt welθ duθ kost  
     de de(:)θ ov a:l, ænd a:lʒuðer lost.

so dæt in ventriŋ il wi le:v tu bi:  
 de θiŋz wi æ:r for dæt hwitʃ wi ekspekt;  
 ænd dis æmbisiūs fuwl infirmiti:, 150  
 in hæ:viŋ muʃʃ, torments us wid defekt  
 ov dæt wi hæ:v: so den wi du neglekt  
     de θiŋ wi hæ:v; ænd a:l for wænt ov wit,  
     mæ:k sumθiŋ noθiŋ bij a:gmentiŋ it.

\*            \*

her lili hænd her ro:zi tʃi:k lijz under,  
 kuzniŋ de pilo: ov æ la:ful kis;  
 hwu:z, de:rfo:r æŋgri, si:mz tu pært in sunder,  
 sweliŋ on e:der sijd tu wænt hiz blis;  
 bitwi:n hwu:z hilz her hed intu:med iz:<sup>1</sup> 300  
     hwe:r, lijk æ vertiūs moniument ʃi lijz,  
     tu bi ædmijrd ov leud unhæloud ijz.

widuwʃ de bed her uder feir hænd wæz,<sup>2</sup>  
 on de grin kuverlet; hwu:z perfekt hwijt  
 foud lijk æn æ:pril dæizi on de græs, 395  
 wid perli swe(:)t, rezembliŋ deu ov nijt.  
 her ijz, lijk mærigouldz, hæd ʃe:dd dæir lijt,  
     ænd kænopid in dærknes switli læi,  
     til dæi mijt o:p,n tu ædorn de dæi.

<sup>1</sup> Or is.    <sup>2</sup> wæs.

- 400 Her haire like golden threeds playd with her breath,  
 O modest wantons, wanton modestie!  
 Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,  
 And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.  
 Ech in her sleepe themfelues so beautifie,  
 405 As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,  
 But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.  
 Her breasts like luory globes circled with blew,  
 A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,  
 Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
 410 And him by oath they truely honored.  
 These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,  
 Who like a fowle vsurper went about,  
 From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

## SONNET XVIII.

- SHALL I compare thee to a Summers day?  
 Thou art more louely and more temperate:  
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,  
 And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:  
 5 Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
 And euery faire from faire some-time declines,  
 By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:  
 But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,  
 10 Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'ft,  
 Nor shall death brag thou wandr'ft in his shade,  
 When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ft,  
 So long as men can breath or eyes can see,  
 So long liues this, and this giues life to thee.

her hæir, lik gould, n ðre(:)dz, <sup>1</sup> plæid wið her bre(:)θ; 400  
 o: modest wænton! wænton modestij!

fo:ij lijfs trijuf in de mæp ov de(:)θ,  
 ænd de(:)θs dim luk in lijfs mortælitij:

e:tf in her sli:p demselvz so beutifij,

æz if bitwi:n dem twæin der wer no strijf, 405

but dæt lijf livd in de(:)θ, ænd de(:)θ in lijf.

her brests, lik iju(o)ri glo:bz sirkled wið bliu,  
 æ pæir ov mæid, n worldz unkonjkered,

sæ:v ov dæir lord no be:rij jo:k dæi kniu,

ænd him bij o:θ dæi triuli onored. 410

de:z worldz in tærkwin niu æmbisjōn bred;

hwu:, lik æ fuwl iuzurper, went æbuwt

from dis fæir θro:n tu he:v de ouner uwt.

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### SONNET XVIII.

fæl ij kompæir di tu æ sumerz dæi?

duw ært mo:r luvli ænd mo:r temperæt:

ruf wijndz du fæk ðe dærlig budz ov mæi,

ænd sumerz leis hæθ a:l tu: fort æ dæt:

sumtijm tu: hot ðe ij ov he(:)v, n sijnz, 5

ænd oft, n iz hiz gould kompleksjōn dimd;

ænd ev(e)ri fæir from fæir sumtijm deklinz,

bij tfæns or næ:tiurz tfændgij ku:rs untrimd;

but dij eternæl sumer fæl not fæ:d

nor luz: pozesjōn ov dæt fæir duw oust; 10

nor fæl de(:)θ bræg duw wændrest in hiz fæ:d,

hwen in eternæl lijnz tu tijm duw groust:

so loŋ æz men kæn bre:d or ijz kæn si,

so loŋ livz dis ænd dis givz lijf tu di:

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<sup>1</sup> Or θri:dz.

## SONNET XXX.

WHEN to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,  
 I sommon vp remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:  
 5 Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vf'd to flow)  
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,  
 And weepe a fresh loues long since canceld woe,  
 And mone th'expençe of many a vannisht fight.  
 Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,  
 10 And heauily from woe to woe tell ore  
 The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,  
 Which I new pay, as if not payd before.  
 But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)  
 All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

## SONNET XXXIII.

FULL many a glorious morning haue I seene,  
 Flatter the mountaine tops with foueraine eie,  
 Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;  
 Guilding pale streames with heauenly alcury:  
 5 Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,  
 With ougly rack on his celestiall face,  
 And from the for-lorne world his visage hide  
 Stealing vnseene to west with this disgrace:  
 Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,  
 10 With all triumphant splendor on my brow,  
 But out alack, he was but one houre mine,  
 The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.  
 Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineeth,  
 Suns of the world may staine, when heauens  
 sun staineth.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> stainteh.

## SONNET XXX.

hwen tu de seſionz ov swi:t ſijlent θout  
 ij ſumon up remembraens ov θiɣz pæst,  
 ij ſij de læk ov mænī æ θiɣ ij ſout,  
 ænd wið ould wo:z niu wæil mij de:r tijmz wæst :  
 den kæn ij druwn æn ij, uniuzd tu flo:, 5  
 for preſiūs frendz hid in de(:)θs dæ:tlæs niɣt,  
 ænd wi:p æfref luvz loɣ ſins kænsl,d wo:,  
 ænd mo:n deſpens ov mænī æ væniſt ſijt:  
 den kæn ij gri:v æt gri:vænſez forgo:n,  
 ænd he(:)vili from wo: tu wo: tel o:r 10  
 de sæd ækuwnt ov fo:r-bimo:ned mo:n,  
 hwitſ ij niu pæi æz if not pæid bifo:r.

but if de hwijl ij θiɣk on di:, de:r frend,  
 a:l loſez ær reſto:rd ænd ſorouz end.

## SONNET XXXIII.

ful mænī æ glo:rīus mornij hæv ij ſin  
 flæter de muwntæin-tops wið ſov(e)ræin ij,  
 kiſiɣ wið gould,n fæ:s de medouz grīn,  
 gi(:)ldiɣ pæ:l ſtre:mz wið he(:)vnli ælkimij;  
 ænon permit de bæ:ſeſt kluwdz tu riɣd 5  
 wið ugli ræk on hiz ſeleſtīæl fæ:s,  
 ænd from de forlorn world hiz viædɣ hiɣd,  
 ſte:liɣ unſi:n tu weſt wið diſ diſgræ:s:  
 i:vn ſo: mij ſun o:n e(:)rli morn did ſijn  
 wið a:l-trijumfænt ſplendor on mij bruw; 10  
 but uwt, ælæk! hi wæz but o:n uwr miɣn;  
 de re:dzɣon kluwd hæθ mæskt him from mi nuw.  
 jit him for diſ mij luv no hwit diſdæineθ;  
 ſuns ov de world mæi ſtæin, hwen he(:)vnz ſun  
 ſtæineθ.

## SONNET LV.

NOT marble, nor the guilded monuments<sup>1</sup>  
 Of Princes shall out-lieue this powrefull rime,  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Then vnswept stone, besmeer'd with fluttish time.  
 5 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,  
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,  
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne<sup>2</sup>  
 The liuing record of your memory.  
 Gainst death, and all obliuious enmity<sup>3</sup>  
 10 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,  
 Euen in the eyes of all posterity  
 That weare this world out to the ending doome.  
 So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,  
 You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

## SONNET LXXIII.

THAT time of yeare<sup>4</sup> thou maist in me behold,  
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange  
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,  
 Bare ruin'd<sup>5</sup> quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 5 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,  
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,  
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,  
 Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 10 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,

<sup>1</sup> monument., <sup>2</sup> burne:., <sup>3</sup> emnity. <sup>4</sup> yeeare. <sup>5</sup> rn'wd.



## SONNET LV.

not mærb.l, nor ðe gi(:)lded moniuments  
 ov prinsez, fæl uwtliv dis puwrful rijm;  
 but iu fæl fijn mo:r brijt in ðe:z kontents  
 ðen unswept sto:n bisme:rd wid slutif tijm.  
 hwen wæ(:)stful wær fæl stætiuz overturn, 5  
 ænd broilz ru:t uwt ðe wurk ov mæ:sonrij,  
 nor mærz hiz sword nor wærz kwik fijr fæl burn  
 ðe livij rekord ov iur memori:j.  
 gæinst de(:)θ ænd a:l-oblivius enmitij  
 fæl iu pæ:s furθ; iur præiz fæl stil fijnd ru:m 10  
 i:vn in ðe i:jz ov a:l posteritij  
 ðæt we:r ðis world uwt tu ðe endij du:m.  
 so:, til ðe dʒudʒment ðæt iurself ærijz,  
 iu liv in ðis, ænd dwel in luværz i:jz.

## SONNET LXXIII.

ðæt tijm ov je:r duw mæist in mi: bihould  
 hwen jelo: le:vz, or no:n, or feu, du hæŋ  
 upon do:z buwz hwitf fæk ægæinst ðe kould,  
 bæ:r riuind kwijrz, hwe:r læt ðe swit birdz sæŋ.  
 in mi: duw si:st ðe twijlijt ov sutf dæi 5  
 æz æfter sunset fæ:deθ in ðe west,  
 hwitf bij ænd bij blæk ni:t duθ tæk æwæi,  
 de(:)θs sekond self, ðæt se:lz up a:l in rest.  
 in mi: duw si:st ðe glo:iŋ ov sutf fijr  
 ðæt on ðe æfez ov hiz jiuθ duθ lij, 10

As the death bed, whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrish't by.

This thou perceiu'ft,<sup>1</sup> which makes thy loue  
   more strong,  
 To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long.

## SONNET CIV.

To me faire friend you neuer can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyde,  
 Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,  
 Haue from the Forrests shooke three summers pride,  
 5 Three beautious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,  
 In proceffe of the seasons haue I seene,  
 Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.  
 Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,  
 10 Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,  
 So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand,<sup>2</sup>  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.  
 For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,  
 Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

## SONNET CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes  
 Admit impediments, loue is not loue  
 Which alters when it alteration findes,  
 Or bends with the remouer to remoue.

<sup>1</sup> perceu'ft.    <sup>2</sup> stand (d *imperfect*).

æz de de(:)θ-bed hwe:ron it must ekspijr  
konsiumd wid dæt hwitf it wæz nurift bij.

dis duw perse:vst, hwitf mæ:ks dij luv mo:r  
stroŋ,  
tu luv dæt wel hwitf duw must le:v e:r loŋ.

## SONNET CIV.

tu mi:, fæir frend, iu never kæn bi ould,  
for æz iu we:r hwen first iur ij ij ijd,  
sutf si:mz iur beuti stil. θri: winterz kould  
hæv from de forests fu:k θri: sumerz prijd,  
θri: beutiŋs springz tu jelo: a:tum turnd 5  
in pro:sēs ov de se:z,nz hæv ij si:n,  
θri: æ:pril perfiumz in θri: hot džiunz burnd,  
sins first ij sa: iu fresf, hwitf jit ær gri:n.  
æh! jit duθ beuti, lijk æ dijæl-hænd,  
ste:l from hiz figiur, ænd no pæ:s perse:vd; 10  
so: iur swit: hiu, hwitf miθiŋks stil duθ stænd,  
hæθ mo:sion, ænd mijn ij mæi bi dese:vd:  
for fe:r ov hwitf, he:r dis, duw æ:dz unbred;  
e:r iu wer born wæz beutiz sumer ded.

## SONNET CXVI.

let mi not tu de mæriædz ov triu mijndz  
ædmit impediments. luv iz not lu(:)v  
hwitf a:lterz hwen it a:lteræ:sion fijndz,  
or bendz wid de remu:ver tu remu:v



o:, no: ! it iz æn ever-fiksed mærk 5  
 ðæt lu:ks on tempests ænd iz never ʃæ:k,n;  
 it iz ðe stær tu ev(e)ri wændriŋ bærk  
 hwu:z wurθs unknow a:ldou hiz hijt bi tæ:k,n.

luvz not tijmz fu:l, ðou ro:zi lips ænd tʃi:ks  
 wiðin hiz bendiŋ sik,lz kumpæs ku(:)m; 10  
 luv a:lterz not wið hiz bri:f uwrz ænd wi:ks,  
 but be:rz it uwt i:vn tu ðe edʒ ov du:m.  
 if ðis bi eror ænd upon mi pru:vd,  
 ij never writ, nor no: mæn ever lu(:)vd.

## FROM THE TEMPEST.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

æ:r:iel. soŋ.]

kum untu ðe:z jelo: sændz,  
 ænd ðen tæ:k hændz:  
 kurtsid hwen iu hæv ænd kist  
 ðe wi:ld wæ:vz hwist,  
 fu:t it fe:tli he:r ænd ðe:r;  
 ænd, swi:t sprijts, ðe burð,n be:r.

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burð,n (dispersedli).]

hærk, hærk! buw-wuw.  
 ðe wætʃ-dogz bærk: buw-wuw.

æ:r:iel.]

hærk, hærk! ij he:r  
 ðe stræin ov strutiŋ tʃæntikle:r  
 krij, kok-æ-did,l-duw.

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*Ariell. Song.*

395 Full fadom fiae thy Father lies,  
     Of his bones are Corral made:  
     Those are pearles that were his eies,  
     Nothing of him that doth fade,  
     But doth suffer a Sea-change  
 400 Into something rich, and strange:  
     Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

*Burthen.*

Ding-dong.<sup>1</sup>

*Ar.*<sup>2</sup>

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

OUR Reuels now are ended: These our actors,  
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and  
 150 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,  
     And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision  
     The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,  
     The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,  
     Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,  
 155 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded  
     Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe  
     As dreames are made on; and our little life  
     Is rounded with a sleepe.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> ding dong.      <sup>2</sup> *Not in F.*

æ:rīel. soŋ.]

ful fædom fijv diŋ fæder lijz; 395

ov hiz bo:nz ær koræl mæ:d;

do:z ær pe(:)rlz dæt wer hiz ijz:

noθiŋ ov him dæt duθ fæ:d

but duθ sufer æ se:tfændz

intu sumθiŋ ritf ænd strændz. 400

se:nimfs uwrli riŋ hiz knel:

burd,n.]

diŋ-don.

æ:rīel.]

hærk! nuw ij he:r dem, —diŋ-don, bel.

\* \* \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE 1.

uwr rev,lz nuw ær ended. de:z uwr æktorz,

æz ij fo:rtould iu, wer a:l spirits ænd

ær melted intu æir, intu θin æir: 150

ænd, lijk ðe bæ:sles fæbrik ov dis vizion,

ðe kluwd-kæpt tuwrz, ðe gordzjus pælæsez,

ðe solem temp,lz, ðe gre:t glo:b itself,

je:r, a:l hwitf it inherit, fæl dizolv

ænd, lijk dis insubstænsiæl pædzent fæ:ded, 155

le:r not æ ræk bihiŋd. wi æ:r sutf stuf

æz dre:mz ær mæ:d on, ænd uwr lit,l lijf

iz ruwnded wid æ sli:p.

\* \* \*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Ariell sings.*

WHERE the Bee sucks, there suck I,  
 In a Cowslips bell, I lie,  
 90 There I cowlch when Owles doe crie,  
 On the Batts backe I doe flie  
 After Sommer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

---

## FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Song.*

WHO is Siluia? what is she?  
 40 That all our Swaines commend her?  
 Holy, faire, and wise is she,  
 The heauen such grace did lend her,  
 That she might admired be.  
 Is she kinde as she is faire?  
 45 For beauty liues with kindnesse:  
 Loue doth to her eyes repaire,  
 To helpe him of his blindnesse:  
 And being help'd, inhabits there.  
 Then to Siluia, let vs sing,  
 50 That Siluia is excelling;  
 She excels each mortall thing  
 Vpon the dull earth dwelling.  
 To her let vs Garlands bring.

---



## ACT V. SCENE I.

æ:rīel siŋz.]

hwe:r de bi: suks, de:r suk ij:  
 in æ kuwslips bel ij lij;  
 de:r ij kuwtŋ hwen uwlz du krij.  
 on de bæts bæc ij du flij  
 æfter sumer merilij.

90

merili, merili fæl ij liv nuw  
 under de blosom dæt hæŋz on de buw.

## FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

[soŋ.]

hwu: iz silviæ? hwæt iz fi:  
 dæt a:l uwr swæinz komend her?  
 ho:li, fæir, ænd wijz iz fi;  
 de he(:)vn sutŋ græ:s did lend her,  
 dæt fi mijt ædmijred bi:.

40

iz fi kijnd æz fi iz fæir?  
 for beuti livz wið kijndnes.  
 luv duθ tu her ijz repæir,  
 tu help him ov hiz blijndnes,  
 ænd, bi:ij helpt, inhæbits de:r.

45

den tu silviæ let us siŋ,  
 dæt silviæ iz ekseliŋ;  
 fi: ekselz e:tf mortæl θiŋ  
 upon de dul e(:)rθ dweliŋ:  
 tu her let us gær lændz briŋ.

50

## FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Shallow.* Sir *Hugh*, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falstaffs*,<sup>1</sup> he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire.

5 *Slen.* In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and Coram.

*Shal.* I (Cofen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

*Slen.* I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe  
10 *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

*Shal.* I that I doe, and haue done any time these three hundred yeeres.

*Slen.* All his successors (gone before him)  
15 hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

*Shal.* It is an olde Coate.

*Euans.* The dozen white Lowfes doe become  
20 an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.

*Shal.* The Luse is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

. . . . .

*Fal.* Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd  
115 my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

*Fal.* But not kils'd your Keepers daughter?

<sup>1</sup> *Falstaffs*.

## FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

fælo:.] sir hiu, perswæ:d mi not: ij wil mæ:k æ stær-tfæmber mæter ov it: if hi wer twenti sir dzon fa:lstæfs, hi fæl not æbiuz robert fælo:, eskwijn.

slender.] in de kuwnti ov gloster, dzustis ov 5 pe:s ænd ko:ræm.

fælo:.] ij, kuz,n slender, ænd kustælo:rum.

slender.] ij, ænd ræto-lo:rum tu:; ænd æ dzent,l-mæn born, mæster pæron; hwu: wrijts himself ærmidzero:, in æni bil, wærænt, kwitæns, or obli- 10 gæ:sion, ærmidzero:.

fælo:.] ij, dæt ij du:; ænd hæv dun æni tijm de:z θri: hundred jer:z.

slender.] a:l hiz suksesorz go:n bifo:r him hæθ dunt, ænd a:l hiz ænsestorz dæt kum æfter him 15 mæi: dæi mæi giv de duz,n hwijt liusez in dæir ko:t.

fælo:.] it iz æn ould ko:t.

evænz.] de duz,n hwijt luwsez du bikum æn ould ko:t wel; it ægri:z wel, pæsænt; it iz æ 20 fæmiljær be:st tu mæn, ænd signifijz luv.

fælo:.] de lius iz de fref fif; de sa:lt fif iz æn ould ko:t.

. . . . .

fa:lstæf.] nuw, mæster fælo:, iul komplæin ov mi tu de kij?

fælo:.] knijt, iu hæv be:t,n mij men, kild mij der, ænd bro:k o:p,n mij lodz. 115

fa:lstæf.] but not kist iur ki:perz dæ:ter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answer it strait, I haue done all this:  
That is now answer'd.

120 *Shal.* The Councell shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known  
in counsell: you'll be laugh'd at.

*Eu.* *Pauca verba*; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*,  
125 I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?

*Slen.* Marry sir, I haue matter in my head  
against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls,  
*Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*.

130 *Bar.* You Banbery Cheefe.

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, *Mephostophilus*?

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's  
135 my humor.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple* my man? can you  
tell, Cofen?

*Eua.* Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnder-  
140 stand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I  
vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master  
*Page*) and there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe)  
and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host  
of the Garter.<sup>1</sup>

*Ma. Pa.* We three to hear it, and end it be-  
145 tween them.

*Euan.* Ferry goot,<sup>2</sup> I will make a priefe of it  
in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon  
the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

\*

\*

\*

<sup>1</sup> Gater.<sup>2</sup> goo't.

ƒælo:.] tut, æ pin! dis ƒæl bi ænswerd.

fa:lstæf.] ij wil ænswer it stræit; ij hæv dun  
a:l dis. ðæt iz nuw ænswerd.

ƒælo:.] ðe kuwnsel ƒæl kno: dis. 120

fa:lstæf.] twer beter for iu if it wer knoun  
in kuwnsel: iul bi læft æt.

evænz.] pa:kæ verbæ, sir dʒon; gud worts.<sup>1</sup>

fa:lstæf.] gud worts!<sup>1</sup> gud kæbidʒ. slender, ij  
bro:k iur hed: hwæt mæter hæv iu ægæinst mi:?<sup>125</sup>

slender.] mæri, sir, ij hæv mæter in mij hed  
ægæinst iu; ænd ægæinst iur kuni-kætfij ræskælz,  
bærdolf, nim, ænd pistol.

bærdolf.] iu bænberi tʃi:z! 130

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

pistol.] huw nuw, mefostofilus!

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

nim. slijs, ij ʒæi! pa:kæ, pa:kæ: slijs! ðæts  
mij hiumor. 135

slender.] hwe:rz simp,l, mij mæn? kæn iu  
tel, kuz,n?

evænz.] pe:s, ij præi iu. nuw let us under-  
stænd. der iz θri: umpijrz in dis mæter, æz ij<sup>140</sup>  
understænd; ðæt iz, mæster pæ:dʒ, fideliset mæster  
pæ:dʒ; ænd der iz mijself, fideliset mijself; ænd  
ðe θri: pærti iz, læstli ænd fijnæli, mijn ho:st ov  
de gærter.

mæster pæ:dʒ.] wi: θri:, tu he:r it ænd end it  
bitwi:n dem. 145

evænz.] feri gut: ij wil mæ:k æ pri:f ov it in  
mij no:t-bu:k; ænd wi wil æfterwærdz urk upon  
de ka:z wid æz gre:t diskri:tli æz wi kæn.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or wurts.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

10 *Mist. Pag.* HOW now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

*Eua.* No: Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

*Qui.* 'Bleffing of his heart.

15 *Mist. Pag.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband faies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

*Eu.* Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

20 *Mist. Pag.* Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; anfwere your Master, be not afraid.

*Eua.* *William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

*Will.* Two.

*Qui.* Truly, I thought there had bin one  
25 Number more, becaufe they lay od's-Nownes.

*Eua.* Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

*Will.* *Pulcher.*

*Qu.* Powlcats? there are fairer things then  
30 Powlcats, fure.

*Eua.* You are a very simplicity 'oman:<sup>1</sup> I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

*Will.* A Stone.

*Eua.* And what is a Stone (*William*?)

35 *Will.* A Peeble.

*Eua.* No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your praine.

*Will.* *Lapis.*

<sup>1</sup> o'man.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] huw nuw, sir hiu! no: sku:l<sup>10</sup>  
tu-dæi?

evænz.] no:; mæster slender iz let de boiz le:v  
tu plæi.

kwikli.] blesin ov hiz hært!

mistres pæ:dʒ.] sir hiu, mij huzbænd sæiz mij  
sun profits noθin in de world æt his bu:k. ij præi<sup>15</sup>  
iu, æsk him sum kwestionz in hiz æksidens.

evænz.] kum hider, wilǽm; hould up iur  
hed; kum.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] kum on, siræ; hould up iur<sup>20</sup>  
hed; ænswe'r iur mæster, bi: not æfræid.?

evænz.] wilǽm, huw mæni numberz iz in  
nuwnz?

wilǽm.] tu:.

kwikli.] triuli, ij θout der hæd bin o:n number<sup>25</sup>  
mo:r, bika:z dæi sæi, "odz nuwnz."

evænz.] pe:s iur tætlinʒ! hwæt iz "fæir,"  
wilǽm?

wilǽm.] pulker.

kwikli.] poulkæts! der ær fæirer θinʒ dæn  
poulkæts, siur. 30

evænz.] iu ær æ veri simplisiti umæn: ij præi  
iu, pe:s. hwæt iz "læpis," wilǽm?

wilǽm.] æ sto:n.

evænz.] ænd hwæt iz æ sto:n, wilǽm?

wilǽm.] æ pi:b,l. 35

evænz.] no:, it iz "læpis:" ij præi iu, remember  
in iur præin.

wilǽm.] læpis.

40 *Eua.* That is a good *William*: what is he  
(*William*) that do's lend Articles.

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatiuo hic, hæc, hoc.*

45 *Eua.* *Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog*: pray you marke: *genitiuo huius*: Well: what is your *Accusatiue-case*?

*Will.* *Accusatiuo hinc.*

*Eua.* I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accusatiuo hing, hang, hog.*

50 *Qu.* Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

. . . . .

*Eu.* Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I haue forgot.

80 *Eu.* It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

*M. Pag.* He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

85 *Eu.* He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel  
*Mis. Page.*

*Mif. Page.* Adieu good Sir *Hugh*: Get you home boy, Come we stay too long.



evænz.] dæt iz æ gud wilǽm. hwæt iz hi;  
wilǽm, dæt duz lend ærtik,lz? 40

wilǽm.] ærtik,lz ær boroud ov ðe pro:nuwn,  
ænd bi dus dekljnd, singiulæ:riter, nominætijvo;  
hik, hæc,<sup>1</sup> hok.

evænz.] nominætijvo; hig, hæg, hog: præi iu,  
mærk: dʒenitijvo; hiudʒus. wel, hwæt iz iur ækiuzæ- 45  
tiv kæ:s?

wilǽm.] ækiuzætijvo; hijk.

evænz.] ij præi iu, hæ:v iur remembræns, tʃijld;  
ækiuzætijvo; hunʒ, hæŋg, hog.

kwikli.] "hæŋg-hog" iz læt,n for bæ:k,n, ij 50  
wærænt iu.

. . . . .

evænz.] fo: mi nuw, wilǽm, sum deklensjonz  
ov iur pro:nuwnz.

wilǽm.] forsu:θ, ij hæv forgot.

evænz.] it iz kwij, kwe:, kwod: if iu forget  
iur "kwijz," iur "kwe:z," ænd iur "kwodz," iu 80  
must bi pri:tʃez. go: iur wæiz, ænd plæi; go:.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] hi iz æ beter skoler den ij  
θout hi wæz.

evænz.] hi iz æ gud spræg memori. fæ:rwel, 85  
mistres pæ:dʒ.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] ædiu, gud sir hiu. get iu  
ho:m, boi. kum, wi stæi tu: loŋ.

<sup>1</sup> Or he(ɹ)k; but cf. l. 44.

## FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

*Ifab.* YET shew some pittie.

100 *Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I show Iustice;  
 For then I pittie those I doe not know,  
 Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule  
 And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong  
 Liues not to act another. Be satisfied;  
 105 Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

*Ifab.* So you must be the first that giues this  
 sentence,  
 And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent  
 To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous  
 To vse it like a Giant.

*Luc.* That's well said.

110 *Ifab.* Could great men thunder  
 As *Ioue* himselse do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,  
 For euery pelting petty Officer  
 Would vse his heauen for thunder;  
 Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,  
 115 Thou rather with thy sharpe and fulpherous bolt  
 Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,  
 Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,  
 Dreft in a little brieft authoritie,  
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
 120 (His glafsie Effence) like an angry Ape  
 Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,  
 As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,  
 Would all themselues laugh mortall.

\*

\*

\*



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Ifa.* WHAT saies my brother?

*Cla.* Death is a fearefull thing.

*Ifa.* And shamed life, a hatefull.

*Cla.* I, but to die, and go we know not where,

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,

120 This sensible warme motion, to become

A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit

To bath in fierie floods, or to recide

In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,

To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes

125 And blowne with restlesse violence round about

The pendant world: or to be worse then worst

Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,

Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.

The wearieft, and most loathed worldly life

130 That Age, Ache, peniury,<sup>1</sup> and imprisonment

Can lay on nature, is a Paradife

To what we feare of death.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Song.*

TAKE, oh take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworne,

And those eyes: the breake of day,

Lights that do mislead the Morne,

5 But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,

Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in  
vaine.

---

<sup>1</sup> periury.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

izæbelæ.] hwæt sæiz nij bruder?

kla:dŋo:.] de(:)θ iz æ fe:rful θiŋ.

izæbelæ.] ænd fæ:med li:f æ hæ:tful.

kla:dŋo:.] ij, but tu diŋ, ænd go: wi kno: not hwe:r;

tu liŋ in kould obstruksion ænd tu rot;

dis sensib,l wærm mo:sion tu bikum 120

æ kne(:)ded klod; ænd de delijted spirit

tu bæ:d in fijri fludz, or tu rezijd

in θriliŋ re:dŋion ov θik-ribed ijs;

tu bi impriz,nd in de viules wijndz.

ænd bloun wid restles vij(o)lens ruwnd æbuwt 125

de pendænt world; or tu bi wurs den wurst

ov do:z dæt la:les ænd insertæin θout

imædŋin huwliŋ: tiz tu: horib,l!

de we:rrest ænd mo:st lo:dæd worldli li:f

dæt æ:dŋ, æ:tf, peniurī ænd impriz,nment 130

kæn læi on næ:tiur iz æ pærædijs

tu hwæt wi fe:r ov de(:)θ.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

[soŋ.]

tæk, o:, tæk do:z lips æwæi,

dæt so switli wer forsworn;

ænd do:z iŋ, de bre:k ov dæi,

liŋts dæt du misle:d de morn:

but mij kisez briŋ ægæin, briŋ ægæin; 5

se:lz ov luv, but se:ld in væin, se:ld in

væin.

## FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Song.*

SIGH no more Ladies, sigh no more,  
 65 Men were deceiuers euer,  
 One foote in Sea, and one on shore,  
 To one thing constant neuer,  
 Then sigh not so, but let them goe,  
 And be you blithe and bonnie,  
 70 Conuerting all your sounds of woe,  
 Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,  
 Of dumps so dull and heauy,  
 The fraud of men was<sup>1</sup> ever so,  
 75 Since summer first was leauy,  
 Then sigh not so, &c.

\*            \*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Hero.* O GOD of loue! I know he doth deserue,  
 As much as may be yeelded to a man.  
 But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,  
 50 Of prowder stufte then that of *Beatrice*:  
 Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,  
 Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit  
 Values it selfe so highly, that to her  
 All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,  
 55 Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,  
 Shee is so selfe indeared.

<sup>1</sup> were *F*, was *Q*.

## FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

[soij.]

sij no mo:r, læ:diz, sij no mo:r,  
 men wer dese:verz ever, 65  
 o:n fuit in se: ænd o:n on fo:r,  
 tu o:n θij konstænt never:  
 den sij not so:, but let dem go:,  
 ænd bi: iu blijð ænd boni,  
 konværtij a:l iur suwndz ov wo: 70  
 intu hæi noni, noni.

sij no mo:r ditiz, sij no mo:,  
 ov dumps so dul ænd he:vi;  
 de fra:d ov men wæz ever so:,  
 sins sumer first wæz le:vi: 75  
 den sij not so:, &c.

\*       \*       \*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

he:ro:.] o: god ov luv! ij kno: hi duθ dezerv  
 æz mutf æz mæi bi jildded tu æ mæn:  
 but nærtiur never fræ:md æ wumænz hært  
 ov pruwder stuf den dæt ov be:etris; 50  
 disdæin ænd skorn rijd spærkliij in her ijz,  
 mispriizing hwæt dæi luk on, ænd her wit  
 væliuz itself so hijli dæt tu her  
 a:l mæter els simz we:k: fi kænnot luv,  
 nor tæk no fjæ:p nor prodzekt ov æfeksion, 55  
 fi iz so self-inde:rd.

*Vrsula.* Sure I thinke fo,  
And therefore certainly it were not good  
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw  
man,

60 How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd,  
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,  
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:  
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,  
Made a foul blot: if tall. a launce ill headed:

65 If low, an agot very vildlie cut:  
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:  
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.  
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,  
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that  
70 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

\*       \*       \*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Bene.* LADY *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this  
while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

260 *Beat.* You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

*Bene.* Surelie I do beleue your fair cofin is  
wrong'd.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserue  
of mee that would right her!

265 *Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?

*Beat.* A verie euen way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man doe it?

*Beat.* It is a mans office, but not yours.



ursiulæ.] siur, ij ðiŋk so:;  
 ænd ðe:rfor sertæinli it wer not gud  
 fi kniu hiz luv, lest fi mæ:k sport æt it.  
 he:ro:.] hwij, iu spe:k triuθ. ij never jit sa:  
 mæn,  
 huw wijz, huw no:b,l, juŋ, huw ræ:rli fe:tiurd, 60  
 but fi wuld spel him bækwærd: if fæir-fæ:st,  
 fi:ld swe:r de dʒent,l mæn fu:ld bi her sister;  
 if blæk, hwij, næ:tiur, dra:iŋ ov æn æntik,  
 mæ:d æ fuwl blot; if ta:l, æ læns il-heded;  
 if lo:, æn ægæt<sup>1</sup> veri vijldli kut; 65  
 if spe:kiŋ, hwij, æ væ:n bloun wið a:l wijndz;  
 if sijlent, hwij æ blok mu:ved wið no:n.  
 so turnz fi ev(e)ri mæn de wroŋ sijd uwt,  
 ænd never givz tu triuθ ænd vertiu dæt  
 hwitf simp,l nes ænd merit purtsæseθ. 70

\*                      \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

benedik.] læ:di be:ætris, hæv iu wept a:l dis  
 hwijl?  
 be:ætris.] je:, ænd ij wil wi:p æ hwijl loŋger.  
 benedik.] ij wil not dezi:r dæt.  
 be:ætris.] iu hæv no rez:n; ij du: it fri:li. 260  
 benedik.] siurli ij du bili:v iur fæir kuz:n iz  
 wroŋd.  
 be:ætris.] æh, huw mutf mi:t de mæn dezerv  
 ov mi dæt wuld ri:t her!  
 benedik.] iz der æni wæi tu fo: sutf frendʃip? 265  
 be:ætris.] æ veri i:v,n wæi, but no: sutf frend.  
 benedik.] mæi æ mæn du: it?  
 be:ætris.] it iz æ mænz ofis, but not iurz.

<sup>1</sup> *Hardly* ægot.

*Bene.* I doe loue nothing in the world so well  
270 as you, is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not,  
it were as possible for me to say, I loued nothing  
so well as you, but beleue me not, and yet I lie  
275 not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am  
sorry for my coulin.

*Bene.* By my sword *Beatrice* thou lou'ft me.

*Beat.* Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

*Bene.* I will sweare by it that you loue mee,  
and I will make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

280 *Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sawce that can be deuised to  
it, I protest I loue thee.

*Beat.* Why then God forgiue me.

*Bene.* What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

285 *Beat.* You haue stayd me in a happy howre,  
I was about to protest I loued you.

*Bene.* And doe it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I |loue you with so much of my heart,  
that none is left to protest.

## FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

### ACT II. SCENE 1.

ANOTHER of these Students at that time,  
65 Was there with him, if<sup>1</sup> I haue heard a truth.

*Berowne* they call him, but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becomming mirth,  
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.

<sup>1</sup> as *F*, if *Q*.

benedik.] ij du luv noθiŋ in de world so wel  
æz iu: iz not ðæt strændz? 270

be:ætris.] æz 'strændz æz de θiŋ ij kno: not,  
it wer æz poʒib,l for mi tu sæi ij luvd noθiŋ so  
wel æz iu: but bili:v mi not; ænd jīt ij lij not;  
ij konfes noθiŋ, nor ij denij noθiŋ. ij æm sori 275  
for mij kuz,n.

benedik.] bij mij sword, be:ætris, duw luvst mi:.

be:ætris.] du: not swe:r bij it, ænd e:t it.

benedik.] ij wil swe:r bij it ðæt iu luv mi;;  
ænd ij wil mæ:k him e:t it ðæt sæiz ij luv not iu.

be:ætris.] wil iu not e:t iur word? 280

benedik.] wið no: sa:s ðæt kæn bi devijzd tu  
it. ij protest ij luv di:.

be:ætris.] hwij ðen, god forgiv mi:!

benedik.] hwæt ofens, swi:t be:ætris?

be:ætris.] iu hæv stæid mi in æ hæpi uwr: 285  
ij wæz æbuwt tu protest ij luvd iu.

benedik.] ænd du: it wið a:l dij hært.

be:ætris.] ij luv iu wið so mutʃ ov mij hært  
ðæt no:n iz left tu protest.

## FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

ænuder ov ðe:z stiudents æt ðæt tijm  
wæz ðe:r wið him, if ij hæv hærd æ triuθ.

65

beruwn ðæi ka:l him; but æ meri:er mæn,  
widin de limit ov bikumiŋ mirθ,  
ij never spent æn uw,rz ta:k wiða:l:

His eye begets occasion for his wit,  
 70 For euery object that the one doth catch,  
 The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest,  
 Which his faire tongue (conceits expofitor)  
 Deliueers in fuch apt and gracious words,  
 That aged eares play treuant at his tales,  
 75 And yonger hearings are quite rauifhed.  
 So fweet and voluble is his difcourfe.

\*

\*

\*

## ACT IV. SCENE III.

O WE haue made a Vow to ftudie, Lords,  
 And in that vow we haue forfworne our Bookes:  
 320 For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?  
 In leaden contemplation haue found out  
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,  
 Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:  
 Other flow Arts intirely keepe the braine:  
 325 And therefore finding barraine practizers,  
 Scarce fhew a harueft of their heauy toyle.  
 But Loue firft learned in a Ladies eyes,  
 Liues not alone emured in the braine:  
 But with the motion of all elements,  
 330 Courfes as fwift as thought in euery power,  
 And giues to euery power a double power,  
 Aboue their functions and their offices.  
 It addes a precious feeling to the eye:  
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde,  
 335 A Louers eare will heare the loweft found  
 When the fufpicious head of theft is ftopt.  
 Loues feeling is more foft and fenfible,  
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.

hiz ij bigets okæ:zïon for hiz wit;  
 for ev(e)ri obdʒekt dæt de o:n duθ kætf 70  
 de uder turnz tu æ mirθ-mu:viŋ dʒest,  
 hwitf hiz fæir tun, konsæits ekspozitor,  
 deliverz in sutf æpt ænd græ:sïus wordz  
 dæt æ:dʒed e:rz plæi triuænt æt hiz tæ:lz  
 ænd jungger he:riŋz ær kwijt ræviʃed; 75  
 so swit ænd voliub,l iz hiz disku:rs.

\*                      \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

o:, wi hæv mæ:d æ vuw tu studi, lordz,  
 ænd in dæt vuw wi hæv forsworn uwr burks.  
 for hwen wu:ld iu, mij lidʒ, or iu, or iu, 320  
 in le(:)d,n kontemplæ:sïon hæv fuwnd uwt  
 sutf fijri numberz æz de promptiŋ iʒ  
 ov beutiz tiutorz hæv inritʃt iu wiθ?  
 uder slo: ærts intjrl i kɪp de bræin;  
 ænd de:rfor, fijndiŋ bæ:ræin præktiserz, 325  
 skærs fo: æ hærvest ov dæir he(:)vi toil:  
 but luv, first lerned in æ læ:diz iʒ,  
 livz not ælo:n imiured in de bræin;  
 but, wid de mo:sïon ov a:l elements,  
 kursez æz swift æz θout in ev(e)ri puwr, 330  
 ænd givz tu ev(e)ri puwr æ dub,l puwr,  
 æbuv dæir funksïonz ænd dæir ofisez.  
 it ædz æ presïus si:ŋ tu de ij;  
 æ luvæz iʒ wil gæ:z æn e:g,l bliŋd;  
 æ luvæz e: wil he:r de lo:est suwnd. 335  
 hwen de suspisïus hed ov θeft iz stopt:  
 luvz fi:liŋ iz mo:r soft ænd sensib,l  
 den ær de tender hornz ov kokled snæilz;

Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste,  
 340 For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?  
 Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*.  
 Subtill as *Sphina*, as sweet and musically,  
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.  
 And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,  
 345 Make heauen drowlie with the harmonie.  
 Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,  
 Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues fighes:  
 O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,  
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.  
 350 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.  
 They sparcle still the right promethean fire,  
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,  
 That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.  
 Else none at all in aught proues excellent.

\*                      \*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

*Spring.*<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Dafies pied, and Violets blew,  
 905 And Ladie-smockes all siluer white:  
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew,  
 Do paint the Medowes with delight:<sup>2</sup>  
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree,  
 Mockes married men, for thus sings he,  
 910 Cuckow.  
 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,  
 Vnpleasing to a married care.

<sup>1</sup> *Not in F.*  
 906, 905, 907.

<sup>2</sup> *Ll. 904 to 907 arranged 904,*

luvz tun pru:vz dəinti bækus gro:s in tæ:st:  
 for vælor, iz not luv æ herkiule:z. 340  
 stil klijmij tri:z in de hesperide:z?  
 subtil æz sfijks; æz swi:t ænd miuzikæl  
 æz brijt æpolo:z liut, struŋ wið hiz hæir:  
 ænd hwen luv spe:ks, de vois ov a:l de godz  
 mæ:k he(:)v,n druwzi wið de hæmoni. 345  
 never durst pø:et tutʃ æ pen tu wrijt  
 until hiz iŋk wer tempred wið luvz sijz;  
 o:, den hiz lijnz wu:ld rævif sævædʒ e:r:z  
 ænd plænt in tijrænts mijld hiuiliti.  
 from wimenz ijz dis doktrin ij derijv: 350  
 dæi spærk,l stil de rijt prome:θiæn fiȝr;  
 dæi ær de bu:ks, de ærts, de ækæde:mz,  
 dæt ʃo:, kontæin ænd nurif a:l de world:  
 els nom æt a:l in æt pru:vz ekselent.

\*                      \*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

[spring.]

hwen dæiziz piȝd ænd vij(o)lets bliu  
     ænd læ:di-smoks a:l silver hwijt 905  
 ænd kukuw-budz ov jelo: hiu  
     du pæint de medouz wið delijt,  
 de kukuw den, on ev(e)ri tri:.  
 moks mærid men; for dus sijz hi:.  
                     kukuw; 910  
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r,  
 unple:ziȝ tu æ mærid e:r!

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,  
 And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:  
 915 When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,  
 And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:  
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree  
 Mockes married men; for thus sings he.  
 Cuckow.

920 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,  
 Vnpleasing to a married eare.

*Winter.*

When Ificles hang by the wall,  
 And Dicke the Shepheard<sup>1</sup> blowes his naile;  
 And Tom beares Logges into the hall,  
 925 And Milke comes frozen home in paile:  
 When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,  
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,  
 Tu-whit.<sup>2</sup>

Tu-whit to-who: A merrie note.  
 930 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,  
 And coffing drownes the Parsons law:  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:  
 When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,  
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,  
 Tu-whit.<sup>2</sup>

Tu whit to-who: A merrie note.  
 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

<sup>1</sup> Sphepheard.

<sup>2</sup> *Not in QF.*



hwen ʃepherdz pi:p on o:t,n stra:z  
 ænd meri lærks ær pluwmənz kloks,  
 hwen turt,lz tre(:)d, ænd ru:ks, ænd da:z, 915  
 ænd mæid,nz ble:tʃ ðæir sʊmər smoks,  
 ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,  
 moks mærid mən; fɔr ðʊs siŋz hi:,  
 kukuw;  
 kukuw, kukuw: o: wɔrd ov fe:r, 920  
 ʊnple:ziŋ tu æ mærid e:r!

[winter.]

hwen ijsik,lz hæŋ bi: ðe wa:l  
 ænd dik ðe ʃepherd blouz hiz næil  
 ænd tom be:rz logz intu ðe ha:l  
 ænd milk kʊmz fro:z,n ho:m in pæil, 925  
 hwen blud iz nipt ænd wæiz bi fuwl,  
 ðen ni:tli siŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwl,  
 tiu-hwit;  
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,  
 hwijl gre:si dʒo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot. 930

hwen a:l æluwd ðe wi:jnd duθ blo:  
 ænd kofiŋ druwnz ðe pæ:sonz sa:  
 ænd bɜ:dz sit bru:diŋ in ðe sno:  
 ænd mæri:æn z no:z lu:ks red ænd ra:,  
 hwen ro:stəd kræbz his in ðe boul, 935  
 ðen ni:tli siŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwl,  
 tiu-hwit;  
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,  
 hwijl gre:si dʒo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot.

## FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

*Ob.* . . . . .

MY gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembreſt  
 Since once I ſat vpon a promontory,  
 150 And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,  
 Vttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,  
 That the rude ſea grew ciuill at her ſong,  
 And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,  
 To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.

*Puc.* I remember.

155 *Ob.* That very time I ſaw <sup>1</sup> (but thou couldſt not)  
 Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,  
*Cupid* all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke  
 At a faire Veſtall, throned by the Weſt,  
 And loos'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,  
 160 As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,  
 But I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft  
 Quencht in the chaſte beames of the watry Moone;  
 And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
 165 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.  
 It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;  
 Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,  
 And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.  
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I ſhew'd thee  
 once,  
 170 The iuyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,  
 Will make or man or woman madly dote

<sup>1</sup> ſay *F*, ſaw *Q*.

## FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

oberon.] . . . . .

mij dʒent,l puk, kum heder. ðuw remembrest  
 sins o:ns ij sæt upon æ promontori,  
 ænd hærd æ me(:)rmæid on æ dolfinz bæc 150  
 ut(e)riŋ sutʃ dulset ænd hærmo:nūs bre(:)θ  
 ðæt ðe riud se: griu sivil æt her soŋ  
 ænd sertæin stærz fot mædli from ðæir sfe:rz,  
 tu he:r de se:mæidz miuzik.?

puk.] ij remember.

oberon.] ðæt veri tijm ij sa:, but ðuw ku:ldst not, 155  
 flijing bitwi:n ðe kould mu:n ænd de e(:)rθ,  
 kiupid a:l ærmd: æ sertæin æim hi turk  
 æt æ fæir vestæl θro:ned bij de west,  
 ænd lu:st hiz luv-fæft smærtli from hiz bo:,  
 æz it fu:ld pe:rs æ hundred θuwzænd hærts; 160  
 but ij miȝt si: juŋ kiupidz fijri fæft  
 kwentʃt in ðe tʃæ(:)st be:mz ov ðe wæt(e)ri mu:n,  
 ænd ðe impe:rɪæl vɔ:t(æ)res pæsed on,  
 in mæid,n meditæ:sion, fænsi-fri:  
 jit mærkt ij hwe:r de boult ov kiupid fel: 165  
 it fel upon æ lit,l western fluwr,  
 bifo:r milk-hwijt, nuw purp,l wið luvz wuwnd,  
 ænd mæid,nz ka:l it luv-in-ijð,lnes.  
 fetʃ mi ðæt fluwr; de herb ij ʃoud di o:ns:

de dʒius ov it on sli:piŋ ij-lidz læid 170  
 wil mæ:k or mæn or wumæn mædli do:t

Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.

Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,  
Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

175 *Pucke*. Ile put a girdle round<sup>1</sup> about the earth,  
In forty minutes.<sup>2</sup> . . . . .

\* \* \*

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

*Fairies Sing.*

YOU spotted Snakes with double tongue,  
10 Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,  
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,  
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.  
Philomele with melodie,  
Sing in our<sup>3</sup> fweet Lullaby,  
15 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
Neuer harme,  
Nor spell, nor charme,  
Come our louely Lady nye,  
So good night with Lullaby.

2. *Fairy.*

20 Weauing Spiders come not heere,  
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:  
Beetles blacke approach not neere;  
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.  
Philomele with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.*

25 Hence away, now all is well;  
One aloofe, stand Centinell.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> round *om. F*, round *Q*.      <sup>2</sup> *Ll.* 175, 176 printed as  
*prose.*      <sup>3</sup> your *F*, our *Q*.

upon de nekst lijv kreitiur dæt it si:z.  
 fetf mi ðis herb; ænd bi: ðuw her ægæin  
 e:r de leviæθæn kæn swim æ le:g.

puk.] ijl put æ gird,l ruwnd æbuwt de e(:)rθ 175  
 in fo:rti miniuts. . . . .

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

[fæiriz sij.]

iu spotted snæ:ks wið dub,l tun,  
 θorni hedʒhogz, bi: not si:n; 10  
 niuts ænd blijnd-wurmz, du: no wron,  
 kum not ne:r uwr fæiri kwi:n.

filomel, wið melodij  
 sij in uwr swi:t lulæbij;  
 lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij, lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij: 15  
 ne(:)ver hærm,  
 nor spel nor tfærm,  
 kum uwr luvlij læ:di nij;  
 so:, gud nijt, wið lulæbij.

sekond fæiri.]

we:viŋ spijderz, kum not he:r; 20  
 hens, iu loŋ-legd spinnerz, hens!  
 bi:t,lz blæk, æpro:tf not ne:r;  
 wurm nor snæil, du: no: ofens.  
 filomel, wið melodij, &c.

first fæiri.]

hens, æwæi! nuw a:l iz wel: 25  
 o:n ælu:f stænd sentinel.

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

115 *Bot.* WHY do they run away? This is a  
knauery of them to make me afeard.

*Su.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe  
I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? You see an Affe-  
120 head of your owne, do you?

*Pet.* Blesse thee *Bottomc*, blesse thee; thou  
art tranlated.

*Bot.* I see their knauery; this is to make an  
125 affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will  
not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will  
walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that  
they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woofell cocke, so blacke of hew,  
With Orenge-tawny bill.  
130 The Throstle, with his note so true,  
The Wren with<sup>1</sup> little quill.

*Tyta.* What Angell wakes me from my  
flowry bed?

*Bot.*

The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,  
The plainfong Cuckow gray;  
135 Whose note full many a man doth marke,  
And dares not answere, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish  
a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though  
he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

<sup>1</sup> and *F*, with *Q*.

## FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

botom.] hwij du ðæi run æwæi? ðis iz æ<sup>115</sup>  
knæ:veri ov dem tu mæ:k mi æfe:rd.

snuwt.] o: botom, duw ært tʃændʒd! hwæt  
du ij si: on ði:?

botom.] hwæt du iu si: ? iu si: æn æs-hed ov<sup>120</sup>  
iur oun, du: iu?

pe:ter.] bles di:, botom! bles di: ! duw ært  
træns-læ:ted.

botom.] ij si: ðæir knæ:veri: ðis iz tu mæ:k  
æn æs ov mi:; tu frijt mi:, if ðæi ku:ld. but ij wil<sup>125</sup>  
not stur from ðis plæ:s, du: hwæt ðæi kæn: ij wil  
wa:k up ænd duwn he:r, ænd ij wil siŋ, ðæt ðæi  
ʃæl he:r ij æm not æfræid.

ðe wu:z,l kok so blæk ov hiu,  
wid orændʒ-ta:ni bil,  
ðe θrost,l wid hiz no:t so triu,  
ðe wren wid lit,l kwil,—

180

titæ:nǣe.] hwæt ændʒ,l wæ:ks mi from mi  
fluwri bed?

botom.]

ðe fintʃ, ðe spæro: ænd ðe lærk,  
ðe plæin-soŋ kukuw græi,  
hwu:z no:t ful mænǣ æ mæn duθ mærk,<sup>135</sup>  
ænd dæ:rz not ænswer næi;—

for, indi:d, hwu: wu:ld set hiz wit tu so fu:lif æ  
bird? hwu: wu:ld giv æ bird ðe lij, dou hi krij  
“kukuw” never so:?

140 *Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,  
 Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;  
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,  
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me <sup>1</sup>  
 On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.

145 *Bot.* Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue  
 little reason for that: and yet to say the truth,  
 reason and loue keepe little company together,  
 now-adayes. The more the pittie, that some honest  
 neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I  
 150 can gleeke vpon occasion.

*Tyta.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had wit enough  
 to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue  
 mine owne turne.

155 *Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,  
 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.  
 I am a spirit of no common rate:  
 The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,  
 And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,  
 160 Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;  
 And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,  
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:  
 And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,  
 That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.  
 165 Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seede!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ll.* 142, 143, 144 arranged as 144, 142, 143.

<sup>2</sup> *The following stage direction takes the place of l. 165:*  
*Enter Pease blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede,*  
*and foure Fairies.*



titæ:nǣ.] ij præi di:, dʒent,l mortæl, siŋ ægæin: 140  
 mijn e:r iz mutʃ enæmord ov diʒ no:t;  
 so: iz mijn ij enθarled tu diʒ ʃæ:p;  
 ænd diʒ fæir vertiuz fors perfors duθ mu:v mi:  
 on de first viu tu sæi, tu swe:r, ij luv di:.

botom.] miθiŋks, mistres, iu ʃu:ld hæv lit,l re:z,n 145  
 for dæt: ænd jit, tu sæi de triuθ, re:z,n ænd luv  
 ki:p lit,l kumpæni tugeder nuw-æ-dæiz; de mo:r  
 de piti dæt sum onest ne:borz wil not mærk dem  
 frendz. næi, ij kæn gli:k upon okæ:zʒon. 150

titæ:nǣ.] duw ært æz wijz æz duw ært beutiful.

botom.] not so:, ne:der: but if ij hæd wit  
 inuf tu get uwt ov dis wud, ij hæv inuf tu serv  
 mijn oun turn.

titæ:nǣ.] uwt ov dis wud du: not deziʒr tu go:: 155  
 duw ʃælt remæin he:r, hweder<sup>1</sup> duw wilt or no:  
 ij æm æ spirit ov no komon ræt:  
 de sumer stil duθ tend upon mij stæ:t;  
 ænd ij du luv di:: de:rfo:r, go: wid mi:  
 ijl giv di fæiriz tu ætend on di:, 160  
 ænd dæi ʃæl fetʃ di dʒiuelz from de di:p,  
 ænd siŋ hwijl duw on presed fluwrz dust sli:p:  
 ænd ij wil purdʒ diʒ mortæl gro:snes so:  
 dæt duw ʃælt lijk æn æiri spirit go:  
 pe:zblosom! kobweb! moθ! ænd mustærdsi:d! 165

<sup>1</sup> Or hwe:r.

*Peaf.* Ready.

*Cob.* And I.

*Moth.* And I.

*Muf.* And I.

*All.* Where shall we go?<sup>1</sup>

*Tita.* Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,  
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,  
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,  
170 With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,  
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,  
And light them at the fierie<sup>2</sup> Glow-wormes eyes,  
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:  
175 And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,  
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.  
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

180 2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

\* \* \*

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

*Hip.* 'TIS strange my *Thefeus*, that these louers  
speake of.

*The.* More strange then true. I neuer may  
beleuee

These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,  
Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,  
5 Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend

<sup>1</sup> *Ll.* 166 to 170 printed as one line, as follows:  
*Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?  
<sup>2</sup> fierie.

pe:zblosom.] redi.  
 kobweb.] ænd ij.  
 moθ.] ænd ij.  
 mustærdsi:d.] ænd ij.  
 a:l.] hwe:r fæl wi go:?  
 titæ:nñæ.] bi kijnd ænd kurtēus tu dis dʒent,lmæn;  
 hop in hiz wæks ænd gæmbol in hiz iʒ;  
 fi:d him wið æ:prikoks ænd deuberiz,  
 wið purp,l græ:ps, gri:n figz, ænd mulberiz; 170  
 ðe huni-bægʒ ste:l from ðe humb,l-bi:z,  
 ænd for niʒt-tæ:perz krop ðæir wæks,n θiʒ  
 ænd liʒt dem æt de fijri glo:wurmz iʒ,  
 tu hæ(:)v mij luv tu bed ænd tu æriʒ;  
 ænd pluk de wiʒz from pæinted buterfliʒ 175  
 tu fæn ðe mu:nbe:mz from hiz sli:piʒ iʒ:  
 nod tu him, elvz, ænd du: him kurtesiʒ.  
 first fæiri.] hæil, mortæl, hæil!  
 sekond fæiri.] hæil! 180  
 θird fæiri.] hæil!

\* \* \*

#### FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

hipolitæ.] tiʒ strændʒ, mij θe:zēus, dæt ðe:z  
 luverz spe:k ov.  
 θe:zēus.] mo:r strændʒ den triu: ij ne(:)ver mæi  
 bili:v  
 ðe:z æntik fæ:b,lz, nor ðe:z fæiri toiz.  
 luverz ænd mædmen hæv sutʃ si:ðiŋ bræinz,  
 sutʃ fæ:piŋ fæntæsiʒ, dæt æprehend 5

More then coole reason euer comprehends.<sup>1</sup>  
 The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,  
 Are of imagination all compact.  
 One sees more diuels then vaste hell can hold;  
 10 That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,  
 Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.  
 The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
 Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to  
 heauen.<sup>2</sup>

And as imagination bodies forth  
 15 The forms of things vnknowne; the Poets pen  
 Turnes them to shapes, and giues to airy<sup>3</sup> nothing,  
 A locall habitation, and a name.  
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,<sup>4</sup>  
 That if it would but apprehend some ioy,  
 20 It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.  
 Or in the night, imagining some feare,  
 How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

*Hip.* But all the storie of the night told ouer,  
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
 25 More witnesseth than fancies images,  
 And growes to something of great constancie;  
 But howfocuer, strange, and admirable.

---

<sup>1</sup> *L. 5 ends with more.*    <sup>2</sup> *L. 12 ends with glance.*  
<sup>3</sup> *aire.*    <sup>4</sup> *Ll. 14 to 18 printed as four, ending with*  
*things . . . shapes . . . habitation . . . imagination.*

mo:r den ku:l re:z,n ever komprehendz.  
 ðe liunætik, ðe luver ænd ðe po:et  
 ær ov imædʒinæ:sion a:l kompækt.  
 o:n si:z mo:r di:vɪlz<sup>1</sup> ðen væst hel kæn hould,  
 ðæt iz, ðe mædmæn: ðe luver, a:l æz fræntik, 10  
 si:z helenz beuti in æ bruw ov e:dʒipt:  
 ðe po:ets ij, in æ fi:n frenzi rouliŋ,  
 duθ glæns from he(:)vn tu e(:)rθ, from e(:)rθ tu  
 he(:)vn;  
 ænd æz imædʒinæ:sion bodiz furθ  
 ðe fo(:)rms ov θiŋz unkoun, ðe po:ets pen 15  
 turnz dem tu ʃæ:ps ænd givz tu æiri noθiŋ  
 æ lo:kæl hæbitæ:sion ænd æ næ:m.  
 sutʃ triks hæθ stroŋ imædʒinæ:sion,  
 ðæt, if it wu:ld but æprehend sum dʒoi,  
 it komprehendz sum briŋger ov ðæt dʒoi; 20  
 or in ðe ni:t, imædʒiniŋ sum fe:r,  
 huw e:zi iz æ buʃ supo:zd æ be:r!  
 hipolitæ.] but a:l ðe sto:ri ov ðe ni:t tould o(:)ver,  
 ænd a:l ðæir mi:ndz trænsfigiurd so: tugeðer,  
 mo:r witneseθ ðæn fænsiz imædʒez 25  
 ænd grouz tu sumθiŋ ov gre:t konstænsi;  
 but, huwsoever, strændʒ ænd ædmiræb,l.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or di:vɪlz.

## FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

*A Song.*

TELL me where is fancie bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head:  
 65 How begot, how nourished.

Replie, replie.

It is engendred in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,  
 In the cradle where it lies:

70 Let vs all ring Fancies knell.

Ile begin it. Ding, dong, bell.

*All.* Ding, dong, bell.

\*            \*

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
 185 It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen  
 Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,  
 It bleffeth him that giues, and him that takes,  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes  
 The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.  
 190 His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,  
 The attribute to awe and Maiestie,  
 Wherein doth lit this dread and feare of Kings:  
 But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,  
 195 It is an attribute to God himselfe;  
 And earthly power doth then shew likeft Gods

## FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

[æ soŋ.]

tel mi: hwe:r iz fænsi bred,  
 or in ðe hært or in ðe hed?  
 huw bigot, huw nurisf?

65

replij, replij.

it iz endzendred in ðe iijz,  
 wið gæ:ziŋ fed; ænd fænsi diŋz  
 in ðe kræ:d,l hwe:r it liŋz.

let us a:l riŋ fænsiz knel:

70

ijl bigin it,—diŋ, doŋ, bel.

a:l.] diŋ, doŋ, bel.

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

de kwælitī ov mersi iz not stræind,  
 it dropeθ æz ðe dʒent,l ræin from he(:)vn  
 upon ðe plæ:s bine:th: it iz twijs blest;  
 it bleseθ him ðæt givz ænd him ðæt tæ:ks:  
 tiz miltiest in ðe miltiest: it bikumz  
 ðe θro:ned monærk beter ðen hiz kruwn;  
 hiz septeƿ fouz ðe fors ov temporæl puwr,  
 ðe ætribiut tu a: ænd mædʒesti,  
 hwe:rin duθ sit ðe dre(:)d ænd fe:r ov kiŋz;  
 but mersi iz æbuƿ ðis septred swæi;  
 it iz enθro:ned in ðe hærts ov kiŋz,  
 it iz æn ætribiut tu god himself;  
 ænd e(:)rθli puwr duθ ðen fo: lijkest godz

185

190

195

When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,  
 Though Iustice be thy plea, consider this,  
 That in the course of Iustice, none of vs  
 200 Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,  
 And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render  
 The deeds of mercie. . . . .

\*                      \*

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

*Lor.* THE moone shines bright. In such a night  
as this,

When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,  
 And they did make no noyse,<sup>1</sup> in such a night  
*Troylus* me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,  
 5 And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents  
 Where *Creffed*<sup>2</sup> lay that night.

*Ief.* In such a night  
 Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,  
 And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,  
 And ranne dismayed away.

*Loren.* In such a night  
 10 Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand  
 Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue  
 To come againe to Carthage.

*Ief.* In such a night  
*Medea* gathered the enchanted hearbs  
 That did renew old *Efon*.

*Loren.* In such a night  
 15 Did *Ieffica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,  
 And with an Vnthrif Loue did runne from Venice,  
 As farre as Belmont.

<sup>1</sup> nnyse (*misprint*).                      <sup>2</sup> *Sic*.



hwen mersi se:z,nz dʒustis. ðe:rfo:r, dʒiu,  
 dou dʒustis bi: ðij ple:, konsider ðis,  
 ðæt, in ðe ku:rs ov dʒustis, no:n ov us  
 fu:ld si: sælvæ:sion: wi du præi for mersi; 200  
 ænd ðæt sæ:m præir duθ te:tʃ us a:l tu render  
 ðe di:dz ov mersi. . . . .

\*                      \*

## FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

lorenzo:.] ðe mu:n ʃijnz brijt: in sutʃ æ nijt  
 æz ðis,

hwen ðe swi:t wi:nd did dʒentli kis ðe tri:z  
 ænd ðæi did mæ:k no noiz, in sutʃ æ nijt  
 troilus miθiŋks muwnted ðe tro:dzæn wai:lz  
 ænd sijd hiz soul towærd ðe gre:sian tents, 5  
 hwe:r kresid læi ðæt nijt.

dʒesikæ.] in sutʃ æ nijt  
 did θizbe fe:rfuli o:rtrip ðe deu  
 ænd sa: ðe lijonz ʃædo: e:r himself  
 ænd ræn dismæid æwæi.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ nijt  
 stu(:)d dijdø: wið æ wilo: in her hænd 10  
 upon ðe wi:ld se: bæŋks ænd wæft her luv  
 tu kum ægæin tu kærθædz.

dʒesikæ.] in sutʃ æ nijt  
 mede:æ gædred ðe intʃænted herbz  
 ðæt did reniu ould e:zon.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ nijt  
 did dʒesikæ stel from ðe welθi dʒiu 15  
 ænd wið æn unθrift luv did run from venis  
 æz fæ: æz belmont.

*Ief.* In such a night  
 Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,  
 Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,  
 20 And nere a true one.

*Loren.* In such a night  
 Did pretty *Ieffica* (like a little shrow)  
 Slander her Loue, and he forgauē it her.

*Ieffi.* I would out-night you did no body come:  
 But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

. . . . .  
*Loren.* . . . . .

How sweet the moone-light sleepest vpon this banke,  
 55 Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke  
 Creepe in our eares, soft stilnes and<sup>1</sup> the night  
 Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:  
 Sit *Ieffica*, looke how the floore of heauen  
 Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,  
 60 There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst  
 But in his motion like an Angell sings,  
 Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;  
 Such harmonie is in immortall soules,  
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 65 Doth grossly close it in,<sup>2</sup> we cannot heare it:  
 Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,  
 With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,  
 And draw her home with musicke.

*Ieffi.* I am neuer merry when I heare sweet  
 musique.

70 *Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentie:  
 For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard  
 Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,  
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

<sup>1</sup> e. i. stilnes, and *F*, as above *Q*.      <sup>2</sup> in it.

dʒesikæ.] in sutf æ niȝt  
 did juȝ lorenzo: swei:r hi luvd her wel,  
 sterliȝ her soul wið mæni vuwz ov fæið  
 ænd nei:r æ triu o:n.

20

lorenzo:.] in sutf æ niȝt  
 did priti<sup>1</sup> dʒesikæ, lijk æ lit,l fro:,  
 slænder her luv, ænd hi: forgæ:v it her.

dʒesikæ.] ij wu:ld uwt-niȝt iu, did no bodi kum;  
 but, hærk, ij hei:r ðe futiȝ ov æ mæn.

. . . . .

lorenzo:.] . . . . .  
 huw swi:t de mu:nliȝt sli:ps upon dis bæȝk!  
 hei:r wil wi sit ænd let ðe suwndz ov miuzik  
 kri:p in uwr e:rz: soft stilnes ænd ðe niȝt  
 bikum de tutfez ov swi:t hæmoni.

55

sit, dʒesikæ. luk huw ðe flu:r ov he(:)vn  
 iz ðik inlæid wið pætenz ov briȝt gould:  
 ðerz not de sma:lest orb hwitf duw bihouldst

60

but in hiz mo:sion lijk æn ændʒ,l siȝz,  
 stil kwijriȝ tu ðe juȝ-ijð tʃerubinz;  
 sutf hæmoni iz in imortæl soulz;  
 but hwijlst dis mudi vestiur ov dekæi

duð gro:sli klo:z it in, wi kænnot hei:r it.

65

kum, ho:! ænd wæ:k diænæ wið æ him:  
 wið swi:test tutfez peirs iur mistres eir  
 ænd dra: her ho:m wið miuzik.

dʒesikæ.] ij (æ)m never meri hwen ij hei:r swi:t  
 miuzik.

lorenzo:.] de rei:z,n iz, iur spirits ær ætentiv: 70  
 for du: but not æ wijld ænd wænton herd,  
 or ræ:s ov jiuðful ænd unhændled koults,  
 fetfiȝ mæd buwndz, belðiȝ ænd nei:ȝ luwd,

<sup>1</sup> Or preti.

Which is the hot condition of their bloud,  
 75 If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,  
 Or any ayre of mulicke touch their eares,  
 You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,  
 Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
 By the sweet power of mulicke: therefore the Poet  
 80 Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods:  
 Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But mulicke for the<sup>1</sup> time doth change his nature,  
 The man that hath no mulicke in himselfe,  
 Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,  
 85 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections darke as *Erobus*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Let no such man be trusted. . . . .

## FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

*Duk. Sen.* NOW my Coe-mates, and brothers  
 in exile:

Hath lot old custome made this life more sweete  
 Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods  
 More free from perill then the enuious Court?  
 5 Heere feele we but<sup>3</sup> the penaltie of *Adam*,  
 The seasons difference, as the Icie phange  
 And churlish chiding of the winters winde,  
 Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body  
 Euen till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say  
 10 This is no flattery: these are counsellors

<sup>1</sup> the *om. F*, the *Q*.<sup>2</sup> *Sic F*, *Terebus Q*.<sup>3</sup> not.

hwitſ iz ðe hot kondiſiōn ov ðæir blud;  
 if ðæi but he:r pertſæns æ trumpet ſuwnd, 75  
 or æni æir ov miuzik tutſ ðæir e:rz,  
 iu ſæl perſe:v dem mæ:k æ miutſſæl stænd,  
 ðæir sævædʒ iʒ turnd tu æ modest gæ:z  
 biʒ de swit puwr ov miuzik: ðe:rfoir de po:et  
 did fæin ðæt orfæus driu tri:z, sto:nz ænd fludz; 80  
 ſins næ:t so ſtokiſ, hærd. ænd ful ov ræ:dʒ,  
 but miuzik for ðe tiʒm duθ tſændʒ hiʒ næ:tiur.  
 ðe mæn ðæt hæθ no miuzik in himſelf,  
 nor iz not murvd wid konkord ov swit ſuwndz,  
 iz fit for tre:z,nz, strætædʒemz, ænd ſpoilz; 85  
 ðe mo:ſiōnz ov hiʒ ſpir(i)t ær dul æz niʒt,  
 ænd hiʒ æfekſiōnz dærk æz erebus:  
 let no: ſutſ mæn bi trusted. . . . .

## FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

diuk ſe:njor.] nuw, miʒ ko:-mæ:ts ænd bruderz  
 in eksiʒl,

hæθ not ould kuſtom mæ:d ðis liʒf mo:r swit  
 ðen ðæt ov pæinted pomp? ær not ðe:z wudʒ  
 mo:r fri: from peril ðen de envſus ku:rt?  
 he:r fi:l wi but de penælti ov ædæm, 5  
 ðe ſe:z,nz dif(e)rens, æz de iʒsi fæʒ  
 ænd tſurlif tſiʒdiʒ ov de winterz wiʒnd,  
 hwitſ, hwen it biʒts ænd blouz upon miʒ bodi,  
 i:v n til iʒ ſriſk wid kould, iʒ ſmiʒl ænd sæi  
 “ðis iz no flæt(e)ri: ðe:z ær kuwnſelorz 10



ðæt fi:liŋli perswæ:d mi hwæt ij æm."
   
 swi:t ær ðe iusez ov ædversiti,
   
 hwitʃ, lijk ðe to:d, ugli ænd venemus,
   
 we:rz jit æ presius dʒiuel in hiz hed;
   
 ænd ðis uwr lijf eksemt from publik ha:nt
   
 fijndz tunz in tri:z, bu:ks in ðe runiŋ bru:ks,

15

sermonz in sto:nz ænd gud in ev(e)ri θiŋ.
   
 ij wu:ld not tʃændʒ it.

æmīenz.]                      hæpi iz iur græ:s,
   
 ðæt kæn træns-læ:t ðe stubbornes ov fortium
   
 intu so kwijet ænd so swi:t æ stījl.

20

\*                      \*

## ACT II. SCENE V.

[soŋ.]

under ðe gri:nwud tri:
   
 hwu: luvz tu lij wið mi:,
   
 ænd turn hiz meri no:t
   
 untu ðe swi:t birdz θro:t,
   
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder:
   
 he:r fæl hi si:
   
 no enemi:
   
 but winter ænd ruf weder.

5

hwu: duθ æmbisīon fun
   
 ænd luvz tu liv id sun,
   
 si:kīŋ ðe fu:d hi e:ts
   
 ænd ple:zd wið hwæt hi gets,
   
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder,
   
 he:r fæl hi si:, &c.

40

45

\*                      \*

## ACT II. SCENE VII.

- ALL the world's a stage,  
 140 And all the men and women, meere Players;  
 They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,  
 And one man in his time playes many parts,  
 His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,  
 Mewling, and puking in the Nurfes armes:  
 145 Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,  
 Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad,  
 Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,  
 150 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,  
 Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,  
 Seeking the bubble Reputation  
 Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice,  
 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,  
 155 With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,  
 Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,  
 And so he playes his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloeone,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,  
 160 His youthfull hose well lau'd, a world too wide,  
 For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,  
 Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,  
 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,  
 That ends this strange euentfull historie,  
 165 Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

\*

\*

\*



## ACT II. SCENE VII.

a:l de worldz æ stærdz,  
 ænd a:l de men ænd wimen me:rli plæierz; 140  
 dæi hæ:v dæir eksits ænd dæir entrænsez;  
 ænd o:n mæn in hiz tijm plæiz mæni pærts,  
 hiz ækts bi:(i)ŋ sev,n æ:dgez. æt first de infænt,  
 meuling ænd piuking in de nursez ærmz.  
 den—de hwijning skul-boi, wid hiz sætʃ,l 145  
 ænd sijning mornig fæ:s, kri:piŋ lijk snæil  
 unwilingli tu skul:l. ænd den de luvær,  
 sijig lijk furnæs, wid æ wo:ful bæ:læd  
 mæ:d tu hiz mistres ijbrow. den æ souldiær,  
 ful ov strændz o:θs ænd berded lijk de pærd, 150  
 dʒelus in onor, sudæin ænd kwik in kwærel,  
 siking de bub,l repiutæ:sion  
 i:vn in de kænonz muwθ. ænd den de dʒustis,  
 in fæir ruwnd beli wid gud kæ:p,n lijnd,  
 wid iʒ seve:r ænd berd ov formæl kut, 155  
 ful ov wijz sa:z ænd modern instænsez;  
 ænd so: hi: plæiz hiz pært. de sikst æ:dʒ fifts  
 intu de le:n ænd sliperd præntælu:n,  
 wid spektæk,lz on no:z ænd puwtʃ on sijd,  
 hiz jiuθful ho:z, wel sæ:vd, æ world tu: wijd 160  
 for hiz frʊŋk fæŋk: ænd hiz big mænli vois,  
 turnig ægæin towærd<sup>1</sup> tʃijldis treb,l, piʒps  
 ænd hwist,lz in hiz suwnd. læst se:n ov a:l,  
 dæt ends dis strændz eventful histori.  
 iz sekond tʃijldifnes ænd me:r oblivion, 165  
 sænz ti:θ, sænz iʒ, sænz tæ:st, sænz ev(e)ri θiŋ.

\*                      \*

<sup>1</sup> Or to:rd.

*Song.*

BLOW, blow, thou winter winde,  
 175 Thou art not so vnkinde,  
     As mans ingratitude:  
 Thy tooth is not so keene,  
 Because thou art not seene,  
     Although thy breath be rude.  
 180 Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,  
 Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:  
 Then<sup>1</sup> heigh ho, the holly,  
 This life is most iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie  
 185 That doſt not bight ſo nigh  
     As benefitts forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warpe,  
 Thy ſting is not ſo ſharpe,  
     As freind remembred not.  
 190 Heigh ho, ſing, &c.

\*                      \*

## ACT V. SCENE III.

*Song.*

IT was a Louer, and his laſſe,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 That o're the greene corne feild did paſſe,  
 20 In<sup>2</sup> ſpring time, the onely pretty ring<sup>3</sup> time,  
 When Birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.  
 Sweet Louers loue the ſpring.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The.      <sup>2</sup> In the.      <sup>3</sup> rang.      <sup>4</sup> *The laſt ſtanza is printed as the ſecond.*

[son.]

blo:, blo:, ðuw winter wijnd,  
 ðuw ært not so unkijnd 175

æz mænz ingrætitiud;

ðij tu:θ iz not so kijn,

bika:z ðuw ært not si:n,

a:ldu ðij bre(:)θ bi riud.

hæi-ho:! siŋ, hæi-ho:! untu ðe gri:n holi: 180

mo:st frendſip iz fæiniŋ, mo:st luvij me:r foli:

ðen, hæi-ho:, ðe holi!

ðis lijf iz mo:st d:oli.

fri:z, fri:z, ðuw biter skij,

ðæt dust not bijt so nij 185

æz benefits forgot:

ðou ðuw ðe wæterz wærp,

ðij stiŋ iz not so færp

æz frend remembred not.

hæi-ho:! siŋ, &c. 190

\*     \*     \*

# ACT V. SCENE III.

[son.]

it wæz æ luvær ænd hiz læs,

wid æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,

ðæt o:r ðe gri:n kornfi:ld did pæs

in sprinŋ tijm, ðe o:nli preti riŋ tijm, 20

hwen birdz du siŋ, hæi ðij æ ðij, ðij:

swi:t luværz luv ðe sprinŋ.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:

25 These prettie Country folks would lie,  
In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:

How that a life was but a Flower,  
30 In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

For loue is crowned with the prime,  
In spring time, &c.

## FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

### ACT IV. SCENE I.

160 *Pet.* . . . . .

Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,  
Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?  
What's this, Mutton?

*I. Ser.* I.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Peter.* I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:

165 What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?  
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser  
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmaner'd flauers.

170 What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

bitwīn ðe æ:kerz ov ðe rij,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,  
 ðe:z preti kuntri fo:kz wiuld lij, 25  
 in sprinj tijm, &c.

dis kærrol ðæi bigæn ðæt uwr,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,  
 huw ðæt æ lijf wæz but æ fluwr  
 in sprinj tijm, &c. 30

ænd ðe:rfo:r tæ:k ðe prezent tijm,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:;  
 for luv iz kruwned wið ðe prijm  
 in sprinj tijm, &c.

## FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

petru:kjō:.] . . . . . 160  
 kum, kæt, sit down; ij kno: iu hæv æ stumæk.  
 wil iu giv θæŋks, swit kæt; or els fæl ij?  
 hwæts dis? mut,n?

first servænt.] ij.

petru:kjō:.] hwu: brout it?

pet:er.] ij.

petru:kjō:.] tiz burnt; ænd so: iz ail ðe meit.  
 hwæt dogz ær ðe:z! hwe:r iz ðe ræskæl ku:k? 165  
 huw durst iu, vilæinz, briŋ it from ðe dreser,  
 ænd serv it dus tu mi: ðæt luv it not?  
 ðe:r, tæ:k it tu iu, trentferz, kups, ænd ail:  
 iu hidles dʒoulthedz ænd unmænerd slæ:vz!  
 hwæt, du iu grumb,l? ijl bi wið iu stræit. 170

*Kate.* I pray you husband be not so disquiet,  
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried  
away,

And I expreffely am forbid to touch it:  
175 For it engenders choller, planteth anger,  
And better 'twere that both of vs did faft,  
Since of our felues, our felues are chollericke,  
Then feede it with fuch over-rofted flefh:  
Be patient, to morrow't fhall be mended,  
180 And for this night we'l faft for companie.  
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

\*                      \*

#### ACT V. SCENE II.

Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning<sup>1</sup> vnkinde brow,  
And dart not fcornefull glances from thofe eies,  
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.  
It blots thy beautie, as frofts doe bite the Meads,  
140 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds fhake faire budds,  
And in no fence is meete or amiable.  
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,  
Muddie, ill feeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,  
And while it is fo, none fo dry or thirftie  
145 Will daigne to fip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy foueraigne: One that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance commits<sup>2</sup> his body  
To painfull labour, both by fea and land:  
150 To watch the night in ftormes, the day in cold,

<sup>1</sup> thretaning.

<sup>2</sup> maintenance. Commits.

kæ:t.] ij præi iu, huzbænd, bi not so diskwijet:  
 ðe me:t wæz wel, if iu wer so kontented.

petru:kĩo:.] ij tel di:, kæ:t, twæz burnt ænd drijd  
 æwæi;

ænd ij ekspresli æm forbid tu tutʃ it.  
 for it indʒenderz koler, plænteθ æyger; 175  
 ænd beter twe:r dæt bo:θ ov us did fæst,  
 sins, ov uwrselvz, uwrselvz ær kolerik,  
 ðen fi:d it wið sutʃ over-ro:sted fleʃ.  
 bi pæ:sient; tu-morout ʃæl bi mended.  
 ænd, for ðis nijt, wi:l fæst for kumpæni: 180  
 kum, ij wil briŋ di tu dij brijdæl tʃæmber.

\*            \*

#### ACT V. SCENE II.

fij, fij! unknit dæt θre(:)tniŋ unkiynd bruw,  
 ænd dært not skornful glænsez from ðo:z iʒ,  
 tu wuwnd di lord, di kiŋ, di guvørnor:  
 it blots di beuti æz frosts du bijt ðe me:dz,  
 konfuwndz di fæ:m æz hwirlwijndz ʃæk fæir budz, 140  
 ænd in no: sens iz mi:t or æ:miæb,l.<sup>1</sup>  
 æ wumæn mu:vd iz lijk æ fuwntæin troubled,  
 mudi, il-si:miŋ, θik, bireft ov beuti;  
 ænd hwijl it iz so:, no:n so drij or θirsti  
 wil dæin tu sip or tutʃ o:n drop ov it. 145  
 di huzbænd iz di lord, di lijf, di ki:per,  
 di hed, di suv(e)ræin; o:n dæt kæ:rz for di:,  
 ænd for di mæintenæns komits hiz bodi  
 tu pæinful læ:bor bo:θ bi se: ænd lænd,  
 tu wætʃ ðe nijt in stormz, de dæi in kould, 150

<sup>1</sup> Or æ:miæbl.

Whil'ft thou ly'ft warme at home, secure and fafe,  
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,  
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;  
Too little payment for fo great a debt.

155 Such dutie as the fubieft owes the Prince,  
Euen fuch a woman oweth to her husband:  
And when fhe is froward, peeuiſh, fullen, fowre,  
And not obedient to his honeft will,  
What is ſhe but a foule contending Rebel,

160 And graceleſſe Traitor to her louing Lord?  
I am aſham'd that women are fo ſimple,  
To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace:  
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,  
When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.

165 Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,  
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,  
But that our ſoft conditions, and our harts,  
Should well agree with our externall parts?  
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,

170 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,  
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;  
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:  
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakenefſe paſt compare,

175 That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.  
Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,  
And place your hands below your husbands foote:  
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,  
My hand is readie, may it do him eaſe.

---



hwijlst duw lijst wærm æt ho:m, sekiur ænd sæ:f;  
 ænd kræ:ɪvz no uðer tribiut æt dij hændz  
 but luv, fæir luks ænd triu obe:diens;  
 tu: lit,l pæiment for so gre:t æ det.  
 sutʃ diuti æz de subdʒekt ouz de prins 155  
 i:ɪn sutʃ æ wumæn o:eθ tu her huzbænd;  
 ænd hwen ʃi ɪz<sup>1</sup> frowærd, pi:viʃ, sulen, suwr,  
 ænd not obe:dient tu hiz onest wil,  
 hwæt iz ʃi but æ fuwl kontendiŋ rebel  
 ænd græ:sles træitor tu her luvɪŋ lord? 160  
 ij æm æʃæ:md dæt wimen ær so simp,l  
 tu ofer wær hwe:r dæi ʃu:ld kni:l for pe:s,  
 or si:k for riul, siupremæsi ænd swæi,  
 hwen dæi ær buwnd tu serv, luv ænd obæi.  
 hwij ær uwr bodiz soft ænd we:k ænd smu:θ, 165  
 unæpt tu toil ænd trub,l in de world,  
 but dæt uwr soft kondiʃionz ænd uwr hærts  
 ʃu:ld wel ægri: wið uwr eksternæl pærts?  
 kum, kum, iu frowærd ænd unæ:b,l wurmz!  
 mij mijnd hæθ bi:n<sup>2</sup> æz biŋ æz o:n ov iurz, 170  
 mij hært æz gre:t, mij re:z,n hæpli mo:r,  
 tu bændi word for word ænd fruwn for fruwn;  
 but nuw ij si: uwr lænsez ær but stra:z,  
 uwr streŋθ æz we:k, uwr we:knes pæst kompær,  
 dæt si:mɪŋ tu bi mo:st hwitʃ wi indi:d le:st æ:r. 175  
 den væil iur stumæks, for it iz no bu:t,  
 ænd plæ:s iur hændz bilo: iur huzbændz fust:  
 in to:k,n ov hwitʃ diuti, if hi ple:z,  
 mij hænd iz re(:)di; mæi it du: him e:z.

<sup>1</sup> Or ʃi:z.      <sup>2</sup> bin.

## FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

IF Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,  
 Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so dye.  
 That straine agen, it had a dying fall:  
 5 O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound  
 That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;  
 Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,  
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.  
 O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,  
 10 That notwithstanding thy capacitie,  
 Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,  
 Of what validity, and pitch so ere,  
 But falles into abatement, and low price  
 Euen in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,  
 15 That it alone, is high fantastickall.

\*

\*

\*

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Clowne sings.*

40 O Mistris mine where are you roming?  
 O stay and heare, your true loues coming,  
 That can sing both high and low.  
 Trip no further prettie sweeting:  
 Iourneys end in louers meeting,  
 45 Euery wise mans sonne doth know.

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

if miuzik bi ðe furd ov luv, plæi on;  
 giv mi ekses ov it, dæt, surfetiŋ,  
 ðe æpetijt mæi sik,n, ænd so: diŋ.  
 dæt stræin ægæin!<sup>1</sup> it hæd æ diŋŋ fa:l:  
 o:, it kæ:m o:r mij e:r lijk ðe swi:t suwnd, 5  
 dæt bre:dz upon æ bæŋk ov vijolets,  
 ste:liŋ ænd giviŋ o:ðor! inuf; no mo:r:  
 tiz not so swi:t nuw æz it wæz bifo:r.  
 o: spir(i)t ov luv! huw kwik ænd fref ært duw,  
 dæt, notwiðstændiŋ diŋ kæpæsi 10  
 rese:veθ æz ðe se:, nout enterz ðe:r,  
 ov hwæt væliditi ænd pitŋ soe:r,  
 but fa:lz intu æbæ:tment ænd lo: prijs,  
 i:vn in æ miniut: so ful ov fæ:ps iz fænsi  
 dæt it ælo:n iz hij fæntæstikæl. 15

\* \* \*

ACT II. SCENE III.

[kluwn siŋz.]

o: mistres miŋ, hwe:r ær iu ro:miŋ? 40  
 o:, stæi ænd he:r; iur triu luvz ku(:)miŋ,  
 dæt kæn siŋ bo:θ hij ænd lo:  
 trip no furðer, priti swi:tiŋ;  
 dzurnæiz end in luverz mi:tiŋ  
 ev(e)ri wiŋz mænz sun duθ kno:. 45

<sup>1</sup> Or ægen.

What is loue, tis not heereafter,  
 Prefent mirth, hath present laughter:

50     What's to come, is still vnfore.  
 In delay there lies no plentie,  
 Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:  
       Youths a stuffe will not endure.

\*           \*

ACT II. SCENE IV.

*Song.*

COME away, come away death,  
       And in sad cypresse let me be laide.  
 Flye<sup>1</sup> away, flie<sup>2</sup> away breath,  
 55     I am flaine by a faire cruell maide:  
 My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew,  
       O prepare it.  
 My part of death no one so true  
       Did share it.

60 Not a flower, not a flower sweete  
       On my blacke coffin, let there be strowne:<sup>3</sup>  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
       My poore corpes, where my bones shall bethrowne:  
 A thousand thousand sighes to saue,  
 65         Lay me ô where  
 Sad true louer neuer find my graue,  
       To weepe there.

\*           \*

<sup>1</sup> Fye.           <sup>2</sup> fie.           <sup>3</sup> ftrewne.

hwæt iz luv? tiz not he:ræfter;  
 present mirð hæθ present læfter;

hwæts tu kum iz stil unsiur: 50  
 in delæi ðer lijz no plenti;  
 ðen kum kis mi, swi:t ænd twenti,  
 jiuθs æ stuf wil not endiur.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \*

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

[song.]

kum æwæi, kum æwæi, de(:)θ,  
 ænd in sæd sijpres let mi bi læid;  
 flij æwæi, flij æwæi, bre(:)θ;  
 ij æm slæin bij æ fæir kriuel mæid. 55  
 mij fruwd ov hwijt, stuk a:l wið iu,  
 o:, prepær it!  
 mij pært ov de(:)θ, no o:n so triu  
 did fæir it.

not æ fluwr, not æ fluwr swi:t, 60  
 on mij blæk kofin let ðer bi stroun;  
 not æ frend, not æ frend gri:t  
 mij pu:r korps, hwe:r mij bo:nz fæl bi θroun:  
 æ θuwzænd θuwzænd sijz tu sæ:v,  
 læi mi, o:, hwe:r 65  
 sæd triu luvr never<sup>2</sup> fijnd mij græv,  
 tu wi:p ðe:r!

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or indiur.

<sup>2</sup> ne:r.

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

*Ol.* . . . . .

How now *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

*Ol.* Smil'ft thou?

20 I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.<sup>1</sup>

*Mal.* Sad Lady, I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood: This crosse-gartering, but what of that?<sup>2</sup> If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is:  
25 Please one, and please all.

*Ol.*<sup>3</sup> Why how doest thou man?<sup>4</sup> What is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Com-  
30 maunds shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.

*Ol.* Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

35 *Ol.* God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you *Maluolio*?

*Maluo.* At your request:<sup>4</sup> Yes, Nightingales answere Dawes.

40 *Mar.* Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.

*Mal.* Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.

<sup>1</sup> *Ll.* 19, 20 printed as one line.      <sup>2</sup> *Ll.* 21 to 24 (. . . that?) printed as three lines ending sad: — blood: —that?      <sup>3</sup> *Mal.*      <sup>4</sup> Line ends here.

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

olivæ.] . . . . .

huw nuw, mælvo:lǽo:!

mælvo:lǽo:.] swi:t læ:di, ho:, ho:.

olivæ.] smijlst ðuw?

ij sent for ði: upon æ sæd okæ:zǽon. 20

mælvo:lǽo:.] sæd, læ:di! ij ku:ld bi sæd: ðis ðuz  
mæ:k sum obstruksǽon in ðe blud, ðis kros-gærteriŋ;  
but hwæt ov ðæt? if it ple:z ðe ij ov o:n, it iz  
wið mi: æz ðe veri triu sonet iz, "ple:z o:n, ænd  
ple:z a:l." 25

olivæ.] hwij, huw dust ðuw, mæn? hwæt  
iz ðe mæter wið ði:?

mælvo:lǽo:.] not blæk in mij mijnd, ðou jelo:  
in mij legz. it did kum to hiz hændz, ænd komændz  
ſæl bi eksekiuted: ij ðiŋk wi du kno: ðe swi:t ro:mæn 30  
hænd.

olivæ.] wilt ðuw go: tu bed, mælvo:lǽo:?

mælvo:lǽo:.] tu bed? ij, swi:t-hært, ænd ijl  
kum tu ði:.

olivæ.] god kumfort ði:! hwij dust ðuw 35  
smijl so: ænd kis ðij hænd so oft?

mæriæ.] huw du: iu, mælvo:lǽo:?

mælvo:lǽo:.] æt iur rekwest! jes; nijtiŋgæ:lz  
ænswer ða:z.

mæriæ.] hwij æpe:r iu wið ðis ridikiulus bould- 40  
nes bifo:r mij læ:di?

mælvo:lǽo:.] "bi: not æfræid ov gre:tnes:"  
twæz wel writ.

*Ol.* What meanst thou by that *Maluolio*?

45 *Mal.* Some are borne great.

*Ol.* Ha?

*Mal.* Some atcheeue greatnesse.

*Ol.* What sayst thou?

*Mal.* And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon  
50 them.

*Ol.* Heauen restore thee.

*Mal.* Remember who commended thy yellow  
stockings.

*Ol.* Thy yellow stockings?

55 *Mal.* And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

*Ol.* Crosse garter'd?

*Mal.* Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st  
to be so.

*Ol.* Am I made?

60 *Mal.* If not, let<sup>1</sup> me see thee a seruant still.

*Ol.* Why this is verie Midfommer madnesse.

## FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

*Her.* TAKE the Boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

*Lady.* Come (my gracious Lord)  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

*Mam.* No, Ile none of you.

*Lady.* Why (my sweet Lord?)

5 *Mam.* You'll kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if  
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

<sup>1</sup> ler.



olivīæ.] hwæt me:nst duw bij dæt, mælvo:lǽo:?

mælvo:lǽo:.] "sum ær born gre:t,"—

45

olivīæ.] hæ?

mælvo:lǽo:.] "sum ætʃi(:)v gre:tnes,"—

olivīæ.] hwæt sæist duw?

mælvo:lǽo:.] "ænd sum hæv gre:tnes θrust

upon dem."

50

olivīæ.] he(:)vn resto:r di:!

mælvo:lǽo:.] "remember hwu: komended dij

jelo: stokiꝅz,"—

olivīæ.] dij jelo: stokiꝅz!

mælvo:lǽo:.] "ænd wiʃt tu si: di kros-gærterd." 55

olivīæ.] kros-gærterd!

mælvo:lǽo:.] "go: tu:, duw ært mæ:d, if duw

deziꝅst tu bi: so:,"—

olivīæ.] æm ij mæ:d?

mælvo:lǽo:.] "if not, let mi si: di æ servænt stil." 60

olivīæ.] hwij, dis iz veri midsuner mædnes.

## FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

hermijone:.] tæ:k de boi tu: iu: hi: so trub,lz mi:,  
tiz pæst indiuriꝅ.

læ:di.] kum, mij græ:sūs lord,

ʃæl ij bi iur plæi-felo:?

mæmilūs.] no:, ijl no:n ov iu.

læ:di.] hwij, mij swi:t lord?

mæmilūs.] iul kis mi hærd ænd spe:k tu mi æz if

ij wer æ bæ:bi stil. ij luv iu beter.

2. *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

*Mam.* Not for becaufe

Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say  
Become some Women best, so that there be not  
10 Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,  
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray  
now,

What colour are your eye-browes?

*Lady.* Blew (my Lord.)

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a  
Ladies Nose

15 That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

. . . . .

*Her.* . . . . . Come Sir, now

I am for you againe: 'Pray you fit by vs,  
And tell's a Tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shal't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

25 *Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter: I haue one  
Of Sprights, and Goblins.<sup>1</sup>

*Her.* Let's haue that (good Sir.)  
Come-on, fit downe, come-on, and doe your best,  
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull  
at it.

*Mam.* There was a man.

*Her.* Nay, come fit downe: then on.

<sup>1</sup> *L.* 25 ends with Winter, *l.* 26 with Goblins.

sekond læ:di.] ænd hwij so:, mij lord?

mæmilīus.] not for bika:z

iur bruwz ær blæker; jit blæk bruwz, dæi sæi,

bikum sum wimen best, so dæt der bi: not

tu: mutf hæir de:r, but in æ semisirk,l, 10

or æ ha:f-mu:n mæ:d wid æ pen.

sekond læ:di.] hwu: ta:t dis?

mæmilīus.] ij lernd it uwt ov wimenz fæ:sez.

præi nuw

hwæt kulor ær iur ij-bruwz?

læ:di.] bliu, mij lord.

mæmilīus.] næi, dæts æ mok: iju sin æ læ:diz

no:z

dæt hæz bi:n bliu, but not her ij-bruwz. 15

. . . . .

hermijone:.] . . . . kum, sir, nuw

ij æm for iu ægæin: præi iu, sit bij us,

ænd tels æ tæ:l.

mæmilīus.] meri or sæd fælt bi:?

hermijone:.] æz meri æz iu wil.

mæmilīus.] æ sæd tæ:lz best for winter: ij hæ:v o:n 25  
ov sprijts ænd goblinz.

hermijone:.] lets hæ:v dæt, gud sir.

kum on, sit duwn: kum on, ænd du: iur best

tu frijt mi wid iur sprijts; iur puwrful æt it.

mæmilīus.] der wæz æ mæn—

hermijone:.] næi, kum, sit duwn; den on.

80 *Mam.* Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it  
loftly,

Yond Crickets fhall not heare it.

*Her.* Come on then,  
And giu't me in mine eare.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

##### *Song.*

IOG-ON, Iog-on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the Stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
185 Your fad tyres in a Mile-a.

#### FROM KING JOHN.

##### ACT I. SCENE I.

A FOOT of Honor better then I was,  
But many a many foot of Land the worfe.  
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,  
185 Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,  
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;  
For new made honor doth forget mens names:  
'Tis too respectiue, and too fociable  
For your conuerfion, now your traueller,  
190 Hee and his tooth-picke at my worfhips maffe,  
And when my knightly ftomacke is fuffis'd,  
Why then I fucke my teeth, and catechize  
My picked man of Countries: my deare fir,

<sup>1</sup> Come . . . care *printed as one line.*

mæmilūs.] dwelt bij æ tʃurtʃjærd: ij wil tel it <sup>30</sup>  
softli;

jond krikets ʃæl not he:r it.

hermijone:.] kum on, den,  
ænd givt mi in mijn e:r.

\*            \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

dʒog on, dʒog on, de fu:t-pæθ wæi,  
ænd merili hent de stijl-æ:  
æ meri hært go:z a:l de dæi,  
iur sæd tijrz in æ mijl-æ.

135

### FROM KING JOHN.

#### ACT I. SCENE I.

æ fu:t ov onor beter den ij wæz;  
but mænī æ mæni fu:t ov lænd de wurs.  
wel, nuw kæn ij mæ:k æni dʒo:n æ læ:di.  
“gud den, sir ritʃærd:”—“god-æ-mersi, felo:!”—  
ænd if hiz næ:m bi dʒordʒ, ijl ka:l him pe:ter;  
for niu-mæ:d onor duθ forget menz næ:mz;  
tiz tu: respektiv ænd tu: so:siæb,l<sup>1</sup>  
for iur konversjōn. nuw iur træveler,  
hi: ænd hiz tu:θpik æt mij wurʃips mes,  
ænd hwen mij knijtli stumæk iz sufijzd,  
hwij den ij suk mij ti:θ ænd kætækijz  
mij piked mæn ov kuntriz: “mij de:r sir,”

185

190

<sup>1</sup> Or so:siæbl.

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,  
 195 I shall beseech you; that is question now,  
 And then comes answer like an Abbeys booke:  
 O fir, sayes answer, at your best command,  
 At your employment, at your service fir:  
 No fir, saies question, I sweet fir at yours,  
 200 And so ere answer knowes what question would,  
 Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,  
 And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,  
 The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,  
 It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.

\*            \*

ACT V. SCENE VII.

THIS England neuer did, nor neuer shall  
 Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,  
 But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.  
 115 Now, these her Princes are come home againe,  
 Come the three corners of the world in Armes,  
 And we shall shooke them: Naught shall make vs rue,  
 If England to it selfe, do rest but true.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

40 THIS royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Ile,  
 This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demy paradise,  
 This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,  
 Against infection, and the hand of warre:

ðus, le:niŋ on miŋ elbo:, iŋ biŋin,  
 “iŋ ſæl bi:itſf iu”—ðæt iz kweſtiŋ nuw; 195  
 ænd ðen kumz ænswer lijk æn æbsi bu:k:  
 “o: ſir,” sæiz ænswer, “æt iur beſt komænd;  
 æt iur emplotment; æt iur ſerviſ, ſir:”  
 “no:, ſir,” sæiz kweſtiŋ, “iŋ, ſwi:t ſir, æt iurz:”  
 ænd so:, eir ænswer knouz hwæt kweſtiŋ wuld, 200  
 sæ:viŋ in diŋælog ov kompliment,  
 ænd ta:kiŋ ov ðe ælps ænd æpeniŋz,  
 ðe pirenc:æn ænd ðe river po:,  
 it dra:z to:rd ſuper in konkliu:ſiŋ so:.

\* \* \*

#### ACT V. SCENE VII.

diſ iŋlænd never did, nor never ſæl,  
 liŋ æt ðe pruwð fu:t ov æ koŋkeror,  
 but hwen it fiſt did help tu wuwnd itſelf.  
 nuw ðe:z her prinsez ær kum ho:m ægæin, 115  
 kum ðe θri: kornerz ov ðe world in ærmz,  
 ænd wi: ſæl ſok ðem. na:t ſæl mæ:k us riu,  
 iſ iŋlænd tu itſelf ðu reſt but triu.

### FROM KING RICHARD II.

#### ACT II. SCENE I.

diſ roiæl θro:n ov kiŋz, diſ ſeptred iŋl, 40  
 diſ e(:)rθ ov mædʒeſti, diſ ſe:t ov mærz,  
 diſ uder ei:d,n, demi-pærædijs,  
 diſ fortres bilt biŋ næ:tiur for herſelf  
 ægæinſt<sup>1</sup> infeksiŋ ænd ðe hænd ov wær,

<sup>1</sup> Or ægenſt.

- 45 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,  
 Which serues it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a Moate defensiue to a house,  
 Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,  
 50 This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,  
 . . . . .  
 This Land of such deere soules, this deere-deere Land,  
 Deere for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)  
 60 Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.  
 England bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious sledge  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.  
 65 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.  
 Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death?
- 

## FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

- Prince.* WHAT'S the matter?  
 175 *Falst.* What's the matter? here be foure of  
 vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.  
*Prince.* Where is it, *Iack*? where is it?  
 180 *Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a  
 hundred vpon poore foure of vs.  
*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?



dis hæpi bri:d ov men, dis lit:l world, 45  
 dis presūs sto:n set in de silver se;,  
 hwitʃ servz it in de ofis ov æ wail  
 or æz æ mo:t defensiv tu æ huws.  
 ægæinst de envi ov les hæp̃ier lændz,  
 dis blesed plot, dis e(:)rθ, dis ri:lm, dis iŋlænd, 50  
 . . . . .  
 dis lænd ov sutʃ de:r soulz, dis de:r de:r lænd,  
 de:r for her repiutæ:sion θru: de world,  
 iz nuw le:st uwt, ij dij pronuwnsiŋ it,  
 lijk tu æ tenement or peltiŋ færm: 60  
 iŋlænd, buwnd in wið de trijumpfænt se;,  
 hwi:z roki fo:r be:ts bæc de envūs si:dʒ  
 ov wæt(e)ri neptiun, (i)z nuw buwnd in wið fæ:m,  
 wið iŋki blots ænd rot:n pærtʃment bondz:  
 dæt iŋlænd, dæt wæz wunt tu koŋker uderz, 65  
 hæθ mæ:d æ fæ:mful konkwest ov itself.  
 æh, wu:ld de skændæl vænif wið mij li:f,  
 huw hæpi den wer mij insiuiŋ de(:)θ!

## FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

prins.] hwæts de mæter?  
 fa:lstæf.] hwæts de mæter! he:r bi four ov 175  
 us hæv tæ:n æ θuwzænd puwnd dis morniŋ.  
 prins.] hwe:r iz it, dʒæk? hwe:r iz it?  
 fa:lstæf.] hwe:r iz it! tæk:n from us it iz: æ 180  
 hundred upon pu:r four ov us.  
 prins.] hwæt, æ hundred, mæn?

*Falst.* I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword  
 with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue  
 185 scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through  
 the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler  
 cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a  
 Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since  
 I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all  
 190 Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or  
 lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes  
 of darknesse.

*Prince.* Speake firs, how was it?

*Gad.* We foure set vpon some dozen.

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

195 *Gad.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Falst.* You Rogue, they were bound, euery  
 man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

200 *Gad.* As we were sharing, some fixe or seuen  
 fresh men set vpon vs.

*Falst.* And vnbound the rest, and then come  
 in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought yee with them all?

205 *Falst.* All? I know not what yee call all:  
 but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a  
 bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three  
 and fiftie vpon poore olde *Iack*, then am I no two-  
 legg'd Creature.

*Prin.*<sup>1</sup> Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered  
 210 some of them.

*Falst.* Nay, that's past praying for, I haue  
 pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed,

<sup>1</sup> *Poin.*

fa:lstæf.] ij æm æ ro:g, if ij wer not æt ha:f-  
 sword<sup>1</sup> wid æ duz,n ov ðem tu: uwrz tuggeder. ij  
 hæv skæ:pt bij miræk,l. ij æm æit tijmz θrust θru: de<sup>185</sup>  
 dublet, four θru: de ho:z; mij bukler kut θru: ænd  
 θru:; mijswu(:)rd<sup>1</sup> hækt lik æ hænd-sa:—eksesignum!  
 ij never delt beter sins ij wæz æ mæn: a:l wu:ld  
 not du:. æ plæ:g ov a:l kuwærdz! let ðem spe:k:<sup>190</sup>  
 if ðæi spe:k mo:r or les ðen triuθ, ðæi ær vilæinz  
 ænd de sunz ov dærknes.

prins.] spe:k, sirz; huw wæz it?

gædzhil.] wi: four set upon sum duz,n—

fa:lstæf.] siksti:n æt le:st mij lord.

gædzhil.] ænd buwnd ðem.

195

pe:to:.] no:, no:, ðæi wer not buwnd.

fa:lstæf.] iu ro:g, ðæi we:r buwnd, ev(e)ri mæn  
 ov ðem; or ij æm æ dgiu els, æn e:briu dgiu.

gædzhil.] æz wi wer fæ:riŋ, sum siks or seven<sup>200</sup>  
 fref men set upon us—

fa:lstæf.] ænd unbuwnd de rest, ænd ðen kum  
 in ðe uder.

prins.] hwæt, fout ji wid ðem a:l?

fa:lstæf.] a:l! ij kno: not hwæt ji ka:l a:l;<sup>205</sup>  
 but if ij fout not wid fifti ov ðem, ij æm æ buntf  
 ov rædi:f; if ðer wer not tu: or θri: ænd fifti upon  
 pu:r ould dgiæk, ðen æm ij no tu:-legd kre:tiur.

prins.] præi he(:)vn iu hæv not murder(e)d<sup>210</sup>  
 sum ov ðem.

fa:lstæf.] næi, dæts pæst præiŋ for: ij hæv  
 peperd tu: ov ðem; tu: ij æm siur ij hæv pæid,

<sup>1</sup> Or swu(:)rd.

two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what,  
 215 *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me  
 Horfe: thou knowest my olde ward:<sup>1</sup> here I lay,  
 and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buck-  
 rom let driue at me.

*Prince*. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two,  
 euen now.

220 *Falst*. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

*Poin*. I, I, he said foure.

*Falst*. These foure came all a-front, and mainly  
 thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all  
 their seuen points in my Targuet, thus.

225 *Prince*. Seuen? why there were but foure,  
 euen now.

*Falst*. In Buckrom.

*Poin*. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

230 *Falst*. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine  
 elle.

*Prin*. Prethee let him alone, whe shall haue  
 more anon.

*Falst*. Doeſt thou heare me, *Hal*?

*Prin*. I, and marke thee too, *Iack*.

235 *Falst*. Doe ſo, for it is worth the liſtning  
 too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin*. So, two more alreadie.

*Falst*. Their Points being broken.

*Poin*. Downe fell his Hoſe.

240 *Falst*. Began to giue me ground: but I followed  
 me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought,  
 ſeuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

*Prin*. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men  
 245 growne out of two?

<sup>1</sup> word.

tu: ro:gz in bukrom siuts. ij tel di hwæt, hæl, if ij  
tel di æ lij, spit in mij fæ:s, ka:l mi hors. duw<sup>215</sup>  
knouest mij ould wærd: he:r ij læi, ænd dus ij  
bo:r mij point. four ro:gz in bukrom let drijv  
æt mi:—

prins.] hwæt, four? duw sæidst but tu: i:v,n  
nuw.

fa:lstæf.] four, hæl; ij tould di four. 220

poinz.] ij, ij, hi sæid four.

fa:lstæf.] de:z four kæ:m a:l æ-frunt, ænd  
mæinli θrust æt mi:. ij mæ:d no mo:r ædu: but  
tu:k a:l dæir sev,n points in mij tærget, dus.

prins.] sev,n? hwij, der wer but four i:v,n<sup>225</sup>  
nuw.

fa:lstæf.] in bukrom?

poinz.] ij, four, in bukrom siuts.

fa:lstæf.] sev,n, bij de:z hiltz, or ij æm æ<sup>230</sup>  
vilæin els.

prins.] pridi:, let him ælo:n; wi fæl hæ:v mo:r  
ænon.

fa:lstæf.] dust duw he:r mi, hæl?

prins.] ij, ænd mærk di tu:, dꝥæk.

fa:lstæf.] du: so, for it iz wurθ de listnij tu:.<sup>235</sup>  
de:z nijn in bukrom dæt ij tould di ov—

prins.] so:, tu: mo:r a:lre(:)di.

fa:lstæf.] dæir points bi:ij bro:k,n—

poinz.] duwn fel (h)iz ho:z.

fa:lstæf.] bigæn tu giv mi gruwnd: but ij<sup>240</sup>  
foloud mi klo:s. kæ:m in furt ænd hænd; ænd wid  
æ θout sev,n ov de elev,n ij pæid.

prins.] o: monstrus! elev,n bukrom men groun  
uwt ov tu:!

*Falst.* But as the Deuill would haue it, three  
mil-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at  
my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke,  
*Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

. . . . .

*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these  
men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke,  
thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs  
your reason: what say'st thou to this?

260 *Poin.* Come, your reason *Iack*, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion? No: were  
I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World,  
I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a  
reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie  
265 as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason  
vpon compulsion, I.

\* \* \*

#### ACT V. SCENE IV.

FARE thee well<sup>1</sup> great heart:  
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?  
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,  
90 A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:  
But now two paces of the vilest Earth  
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,  
Beares not alieue so stout a Gentleman.  
If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,  
95 I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.  
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,  
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe  
For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.

<sup>1</sup> Farewell *F*, Fare thee well *Q*.

fa:lstæf.] but, æz de di:v,l wu:ld hæ:v it, θri:  
misbigot,n knæ:vz in kendæl gri:n kæ:m æt mij  
bæk ænd let dri:v æt mi; for it wæz so dærk, hæl,  
dæt duw ku:ldst not si: dij hænd.

. . . . .  
prins.] hwij, huw ku:ldst duw kno: de:z men  
in kendæl gri:n, hwen it wæz so dærk duw ku:ldst  
not si: dij hænd? kum, tel us iur re:z,n: hwæt sæist  
duw tu dis?

poinz.] kum, iur re:z,n, dʒæk, iur re:z,n. 260

fa:lstæf.] hwæt, upon kompuls̃on? no:: we:r  
ij æt de stræpæ:do, or a:l de ræks in de world,  
ij wu:ld not tel iu on kompuls̃on. giv iu æ re:z,n  
on kompuls̃on! if re:z,nz wer æz plenti æz blæk-  
beriz, ij wu:ld giv no: mæn æ re:z,n upon kom- 265  
puls̃on, ij.

\*                      \*

#### ACT V. SCENE IV.

fæ:r di wel, gre:t hært!

il-we:vd ærabis̃on, huw mutf ært duw frʊnk!  
hwen dæt dis bodi did kontæin æ spirit,  
æ kiŋdum for it wæz tu: sma:l æ buwnd; 90  
but nuw tu: pæ:sez ov de vijlest e(:)rθ  
iz ru:m inuf: dis e(:)rθ dæt be:rz de ded  
be:rz not ælijv so stuwt æ dʒent,lmæn.  
if duw wert sensib,l ov kurtesi  
ij fu:ld not mæ:k so gre:t æ fo: ov ze:l: 95  
but, let mij fæ:vorz hijd dij mæŋgled fæ:s;  
ænd, i:v n in dij biha:f, ijl θæŋk mijselƿ  
for du:ŋ de:z fæir rijts ov tendernes.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,  
 100 Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
 But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

## FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

HOW many thoufand of my pooreft Subiects  
 5 Are at this howre afleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,  
 Natures foft Nurfe, how haue I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,  
 And fteepe my Sences in Forgetfulneffe?  
 Why rather (Sleepe) lyeft thou in fmoakie Cribs,  
 10 Vpon vneafie Pallads ftretching thee,  
 And huiſht with buſſing Night-flyes<sup>1</sup> to thy flumber,  
 Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?  
 Vnder the Canopies of coſtly State,  
 And lull'd with founds of ſweeteſt Melodie?  
 15 O thou dull God, why lyeft thou with the vilde,  
 In loathſome Beds, and leau'ſt the Kingly Couch,  
 A Watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?  
 Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maſt,  
 Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,  
 20 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,  
 And in the viſitation of the Windes,  
 Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,  
 Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaff'ning Clamors in the flipp'ry Clouds,  
 25 That with the hurley, Death it ſelfe awakes?

<sup>1</sup> Night, flyes.



ædiu, ænd tæk dij præiz wið di tu he(:)v,n!  
 dij ignomi sli:p wið di in de græ:v, 100  
 but not remembred in dij epitæf!

## FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

huw mæni þuwzænd ov mij pu:rest subdʒekts  
 ær æt dis uwr æsli:p! o: sli:p, o: dʒent,l sli:p, 5  
 næ:tiurz soft nurs, huw hæv ij frijted di:,  
 dæt duw no mo:r wilt wæi mij ijlidz duwn  
 ænd sti:p mij sensez in forgetfulnes?  
 hwij ræder, sli:p, lijst duw in smo:ki kribz,  
 upon une:zi pælædz stretʃiŋ di: 10  
 ænd hwift<sup>1</sup> wið buziŋ ni:t-flijz tu dij slumber,  
 den in de perfumd tʃæmberz ov de gret,  
 under de kænopiz ov kostli stæ:t,  
 ænd luld wið suwndz ov swi:test melodi?  
 o: duw dul god, hwij lijst duw wið de vijld 15  
 in lo:θsum bedz, ænd le:vst de kiŋli kuwtʃ  
 æ wætʃ-kæ:s or æ komon lærum-bel?  
 wilt duw upon de hij ænd gidi mæst  
 sei:l up de ʃip-boiz ijz, ænd rok hiz bræinz  
 in kræ:d,l ov de riud impe:rʃus surdʒ 20  
 ænd in de vizitæ:sʃion ov de wijndz,  
 huw: tæk de ruʃæn bilouz bij de top,  
 kurliŋ dæir monstrus hedz ænd hæŋgiŋ dem  
 wið defniŋ klæmorz in de sli:pri kluwdz,  
 dæt, wið de hurli, de(:)θ itself æwæ:ks? 25

<sup>1</sup> Or huft.

Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose  
 To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:  
 And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night,  
 With all appliances, and meanes to boote,  
 30 Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,  
 Vneafie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

\*                      \*

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

WILL Fortune neuer come with both hands full,  
 But write her faire words ſtill in fouleſt Letters?  
 105 Shee eyther gives a Stomack, and no Foode,  
 (Such are the poore, in health) or elle a Feaſt,  
 And takes away the Stomack (ſuch are the Rich,  
 That haue abondance, and enioy it not.)

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.<sup>1</sup>

*Kath.* Alice, tu as eſté<sup>2</sup> en Angleterre, et  
 tu bien parlas le Language.

*Alice.* Un<sup>3</sup> peu Madame.

*Kath.* Ie te prie, m'enſigniez, il faut que  
 5 ie apprenne<sup>4</sup> a parler:<sup>5</sup> Coment<sup>6</sup> appelez<sup>7</sup> vous  
 la<sup>8</sup> main en Anglois?

*Alice.* La<sup>9</sup> main, elle<sup>10</sup> eſt<sup>11</sup> appelee<sup>7</sup> de Hand.

<sup>1</sup> *In order to serve as a basis for a "received" pronunciation, the text has been altered also in places where the F readings may be original (cf. le for la and les, apprend for apprenne, &c.). The Q texts differ so much that they have been disregarded. A few commas, &c. have been omitted or supplied.*

<sup>2</sup> eſte.                      <sup>3</sup> En.  
<sup>4</sup> apprend.            <sup>5</sup> parlen.            <sup>6</sup> Comient.            <sup>7</sup> appelle.            <sup>8</sup> le.

<sup>9</sup> Le.                      <sup>10</sup> il.                      <sup>11</sup> &.

kænst ðuw, o: pærsǣl sli:p, giv ðij repo:z  
 tu ðe wet se:boi in æn uwr so riud,  
 ænd in ðe ka:mest ænd mo:st stilest niȝt,  
 wið a:l æpliǣnsez ænd me:nz tu bu:t,  
 denij it tu æ kiȝ? ðen hæpi lo:, lij ðuwn! 30  
 une:zi lijz ðe hed ðæt we:rz æ kruwn.

\*                      \*

## ACT IV. SCENE IV.

wil fortiun never kum wið bo:θ hændz ful,  
 but wriȝt her fæir wordz stil in fuwlest leterz?  
 ȝi e:der givz æ stumæk ænd no fu:d; 105  
 sutȝ ær ðe pu:r, in helθ; or els æ fe:st  
 ænd tæ:ks æwæi ðe stumæk; sutȝ ær ðe ritȝ,  
 ðæt hæv æbundæns ænd indȝoi it not.

## FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.<sup>1</sup>

kæθerin.] alisə, ty a(z) ete ā:n ā:glətə:r:ə, e ty  
 bjī: parla lə lāga:zə.

ælis.] ȳ: pə, madamə.

kæθerin.] ȝə tə pri:ə mā:sepe:; il fo: kə ȝapren  
 a parle:. kū:mā:(t) apəle:vū: la mēi: ā:n ā:glōe: 5

ælis.] la mēi: 2 el æ:t apəle: "de hænd." 2

<sup>1</sup> In our F. transcription, which can be only tentative, e, o, and ɛ, ɔ, stand for the close and open sounds respectively, whilst no distinction between different shades of "a" (a) and "eu" (ə) sounds has been attempted. i and y (= "u") are always close. ɔ is the indistinct "e féminine;" ɥ, non-syllabic y. Nasal vowels are denoted by ɪ̃, &c. Vowel-length is more or less doubtful. The only new consonant is ȝ, i. e. the palatal nasal sound = "gn." <sup>2</sup> Or, after the F. manner, də hā:(n)d.

*Kath.* De Hand. E les<sup>1</sup> doysts?<sup>2</sup>

*Alice.*<sup>3</sup> Les<sup>4</sup> doysts, ma foy ie oublie, les  
10 doysts,<sup>5</sup> maye ie me fouien(d)ray,<sup>6</sup> les<sup>1</sup> doysts, ie  
penſe qu'ils ſont<sup>7</sup> appellés<sup>8</sup> de fingres, oui,<sup>9</sup> de  
fingres.

*Kath.*<sup>10</sup> La<sup>4</sup> main de Hand, les<sup>1</sup> doysts de<sup>1</sup>  
Fingres, ie penſe que ie ſuis le bon eſcholier.  
15 l'ay gaynié<sup>11</sup> deux<sup>12</sup> mots d'Anglois viſtement,  
coment appelez<sup>8</sup> vous les<sup>1</sup> ongles?

*Alice.* Les<sup>4</sup> ongles, nous<sup>13</sup> les appellons de Nayles.

*Kath.* De Nayles, eſcoute: dites moy, ſi ie  
parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

20 *Alice.* C'eſt bien dict Madame, il eſt<sup>14</sup> fort  
bon Anglois.

*Kath.* Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

*Alice.* De Arme, Madame.

*Kath.* E le<sup>15</sup> coude?<sup>16</sup>

25 *Alice.* D'Elbow.

*Kath.* D'Elbow: Ie m'en<sup>17</sup> fay la<sup>1</sup> repetition<sup>18</sup>  
de tous les mots que vous m'avés<sup>19</sup> apprins des a  
preſent.

*Alice.* Il eſt<sup>14</sup> trop difficile Madame, comme  
30 Ie penſe.

*Kath.* Excuse moy Alice, eſcoute, d'Hand, de  
Fingres,<sup>20</sup> de Nayles, d'Arme, de Bilbow.

*Alice.* D'Elbow, Madame.

*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu, ie m'en<sup>17</sup> oublie, d'Elbow,  
coment appelez<sup>8</sup> vous le col?

<sup>1</sup> Ie.    <sup>2</sup> E le doysts *given to Alice.*    <sup>3</sup> Kat.    <sup>4</sup> Le.  
<sup>5</sup> e doyt.    <sup>6</sup> fouemeray.    <sup>7</sup> ont.    <sup>8</sup> appelle.    <sup>9</sup> on.  
<sup>10</sup> Alice.    *Only the second sentence given to Kath.*  
<sup>11</sup> gaynie.    <sup>12</sup> diux.    <sup>13</sup> nous *om.*    <sup>14</sup> &.    <sup>15</sup> de.  
<sup>16</sup> coudee.    <sup>17</sup> men.    <sup>18</sup> repiticio.    <sup>19</sup> maves.    <sup>20</sup> Fingre.

kæθerin.] “de hænd.” e læ: dōs:?

ælis.] læ: dōs:? ma fōs, ʒubli:ə læ: dōs:; mæ: ʒə 10  
mə suvʒi:(d)re. læ: dōs:? ʒə pā:sə kil sūt apəle: “de  
fiŋgerz;” wi, “de fiŋgerz.”<sup>1</sup>

kæθerin.] la mēi:, “de hænd;” læ: dōs:, “de  
fiŋgerz;” ʒə pā:sə kə ʒə sʊi lə bū:n ekolje:; ʒe  
gaŋe də: mo: dā:glōs: vitəmāi. kū:mā:(t) apəle:-vu: 15  
læz ū:glə?

ælis.] læz ū:glə? nu: læz apəlū: “de næilz.”<sup>2</sup>

kæθerin.] “de næilz.” eku:tə; ditə-mōs si ʒe  
parlə bjī: “de hænd,” “de fiŋgerz,” e “de næilz.”

ælis.] sɛ: bjī: di. madamə; il ɛ: fɔ:r bū:n 20  
ā:glōs:.

kæθerin.] ditə-mōs lā:glōs: pu:r lə brai.

ælis.] “de ærm,”<sup>3</sup> madamə.

kæθerin.] e lə ku:də?

ælis.] “delbo:.”<sup>4</sup>

25

kæθerin.] “delbo:.” ʒə mā: fɛ: la repetisjū:  
də tu: læ: mo: kə vu: mave:(z) aprī:<sup>5</sup> dɛ:z a  
prezā:.

ælis.] il ɛ: trɔ(p) difisilə, madamə, kū:mə ʒə  
pā:sə. 30

kæθerin.] eksky:zə-mōs, alisə; eku:tə: “dænd,”  
“de fiŋgerz,” “de næilz,” “dærmæ,”<sup>6</sup> “de bilbo:.”

ælis.] “delbo:,” madamə.

kæθerin.] o: seɲɔ:r djə, ʒə mā:n ubli:ə! “delbo:.”  
kū:mā:(t) apəle:-vu: lə kəl?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Or fi:(p)grəz (cf. p. 107, note 2).

<sup>2</sup> næilz (cf. ib.).

<sup>3</sup> arm.

<sup>4</sup> dælbo.

<sup>5</sup> aprī: (if we read “*appris*”).

<sup>6</sup> darmə.

<sup>7</sup> ku:.

35 *Alice.* De Neck,<sup>1</sup> Madame.

*Kath.* De Nick, e le menton?

*Alice.* De Chin.

*Kath.* De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton  
40 de Sin.

*Alice.* Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verité<sup>2</sup>  
vous pronouciés<sup>3</sup> les mots auſi droict, que les<sup>4</sup>  
Natifs d'Angleterre.

## FROM KING RICHARD III.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

NOW is the Winter of our Diſcontent,  
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:  
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our houle  
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried.

5 Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,  
Our bruifed armes hung vp for Monuments;  
Our ſterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;  
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Meaſures.  
Grim-vifag'd Warre, hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled  
Front:

10 And now, in ſtead of mounting Barbed Steeds,  
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduerſaries,  
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,  
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a Lute.  
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportieue trickes,  
15 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glaſſe:  
I, that am Rudely ſtampt, and want loues Maiesty,

<sup>1</sup> Nick.

<sup>2</sup> verite.

<sup>3</sup> pronouncies.

<sup>4</sup> le.

ælis.] “de nek,” madamæ.

35

kætherin.] “de nik.” e læ mǣ:tū?

ælis.] “de tfin.”

kætherin.] “de sin.” læ kōl, “de nik;” læ mǣ:tū;

“de sin.”

40

ælis.] wi. so:f vōtr ū:nœ:r, ā: verite, vu:  
prōnūsje: læ: mo:(z) o:si drōz kē læ: natif dā:glōtæræ.

## FROM KING RICHARD III.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

nuw iz de winter ov uwr diskontent  
mæ:d glō:rīus sumer bij dis sun ov jork;  
ænd a:l de kluwdz dæt luwrd upon uwr huws  
in de di:p buzom ov de o:sāen berid.  
nuw ær uwr bruwz buwnd wið vikto:rīus wre:dz; 5  
uwr briuzed ærmz huȝ up for moniuments;  
uwr stern ælærumz tʃændz d tu meri mi:tiȝz  
uwr dredful mærtʃez tu delijtful me(:)ziurz.  
grim-vizædz d wær hæθ smu:dd hiz wrinkled frunt;

ænd nuw, insted ov muwntiȝ bærbēd sti:dz 10  
tu frijt de soulz ov fe:rful ædversæriz,  
hi kæ:perz nimbli in æ læ:diz tʃæmber  
tu de læsivīus ple:ziȝ ov æ liut.  
but ij, dæt æm not ʃæ:pt for sportiv triks,  
nor mæ:d tu ku:rt æn æm(o)rus lʊkiȝ-glæs; 15  
ij, dæt æm riudli stæmpt, ænd wænt luvz mædz(e)sti

To strut before a wanton<sup>1</sup> ambling Nymph:  
 I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,  
 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,  
 20 Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,  
 And that so lamely and vnfashionable;  
 That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them:  
 Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)  
 25 Haue no delight to passe away the time,  
 Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,  
 And descant on mine owne Deformity.  
 And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,  
 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,  
 30 I am determin'd to proue a Villaine,  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.

\*     \*     \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

THE tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,  
 The most arch deed of pittious massacre  
 That euer yet this Land was guilty of:  
*Dighton* and *Forrest*, who I did suborne  
 5 To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,  
 Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,  
 Melted with tenderesse, and milde compassion,  
 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.  
 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:  
 10 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another  
 Within their Alablafter innocent Armes:  
 Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,  
 And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.

<sup>1</sup> wonton.



tu strut befor æ wænton æmblig nimf;  
 ij, dæt æm kurtæild ov dis fæir proporsion,  
 tfeited ov fectiur bij disembling næ:tiur,  
 deformd, unfinist, sent befor mij tijm 20  
 intu dis bre:diŋ world, skærs ha:f mæ:d up,  
 ænd dæt so: læmli ænd unfæfionæb,l  
 dæt dogz bærk æt mi: æz ij ha:lt bij dem;  
 hwij, ij, in dis we:k pijpiŋ tijm ov pe:s,  
 hæv no: delijt tu pæs æwæi de tijm, 25  
 unles tu si: mij fædo: in de sun  
 ænd deskænt on mijn oun deformiti:  
 ænd de:rfo:r, sins ij kænnot pruv æ luver,  
 tu entertæin de:z fæir wel-spo:k,n dæiz,  
 ij æm determined tu pruv æ vikæin 30  
 ænd hæ:t de ijd,l ple(:)ziurz ov de:z dæiz.

\*       \*       \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

de tirænus ænd bludi ækt iz dun,  
 de mo:st ærtf di:d ov pitius mæsæker  
 dæt ever jit dis lænd wæz gilti ov.  
 diŋton ænd forest, hwu: ij did suborn  
 tu du: dis pi:s ov riuθful butferi, 5  
 a:lbi:(i)t dæi wer flest vikæinz, bludi dogz,  
 melted wid tendernes ænd kijnd kompæfion  
 wept lik tu: tfildren in dæir de(:)θs sæd storri.  
 "o: dus," kwoθ diŋton, "læi de dʒent,l bæ:bz:"  
 "dus, dus," kwoθ forest, "girdliŋ o:n ænuder 10  
 widin dæir ækæblæster inosent ærmz:  
 dæir lips wer four red ro:zez on æ stark,  
 ænd in dæir sumer beuti kist e:tʃ uder.

A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,  
 15 Which once<sup>1</sup> (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde:  
 But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt:  
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered  
 The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,  
 That from the prime Creation ere she framed.  
 20 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,  
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,  
 To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

\*                      \*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

*Cat.* RESCUE my Lord of Norfolke, Rescue,  
 Rescue:<sup>2</sup>

The King enacts more wonders then a man,  
 Daring an opposite to euery danger:  
 His horse is flaine, and all on foot he fights,  
 5 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:  
 Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

*Rich.* A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for  
 a Horse.

*Cates.* Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to  
 a Horse.

*Rich.* Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,  
 10 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:  
 I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,  
 Fiue haue I flaine to day, in stead of him.  
 A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

---

<sup>1</sup> one *F*, once *Q*.

<sup>2</sup> Rescue, Rescue: *a separate line.*

æ bu:k ov præi,rz on dæir pilo: læi;  
 hwitf o:ns," kwoθ forest, "a:lmo:st tʃændʒd mij mijnd; 15  
 but o:! de di:vil"—ðe:r de vilæin stopt;  
 hwen dihton ðus tould on: "wi smuderð  
 ðe mo:st repleniʃed swi:t wurk ov næ:tiur,  
 ðæt from ðe prijm kreæ:sion e:r ʃi fræ:md."  
 hens bo:θ ær go:n wið konsiens ænd remors; 20  
 ðæi ku:ld not spe:k; ænd so: ij left ðem bo:θ,  
 tu be:r ðis tijdiŋz tu ðe bludi kiŋ.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

kæt:tsbi.] reskiu, mij lord ov norfouk, reskiu,  
 reskiu!

de kiŋ enækts mo:r wunderz den æ mæn,  
 dæ:riŋ æn opozit tu ev(e)ri dændʒer:  
 hiz hors iz slæin, ænd a:l on fu:t hi fiŋts,  
 si:kiŋ for ritiŋmond in ðe θro:t ov de(:)θ. 5  
 reskiu, fæir lord, or els de dæi iz lost!

ritiŋard.] æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ  
 hors!

kæt:tsbi.] wiθdra:, mij lord! ijl help iu tu æ  
 hors.

ritiŋard.] slæiv, ij hæv set mij liŋf upon æ kæst,  
 ænd ij wil stænd de hæzærd ov de diŋ: 10  
 ij θiŋk ðer bi siks ritiŋmondz in ðe fi:ld;  
 fiŋv hæv ij slæin tu-dæi insted ov him.  
 æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ hors!

## FROM KING HENRY VIII.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

FAREWELL!<sup>1</sup> A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.  
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth  
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,  
And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:  
355 The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,  
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely  
His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,  
And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd  
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:  
360 This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,  
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride  
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me  
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy  
Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.  
365 Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,  
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched  
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauors?  
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,  
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,  
370 More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;  
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,  
Neuer to hope againe.

---

<sup>1</sup> Farewell?.

## FROM KING HENRY VIII.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

fæ:rwel! æ loŋ fæ:rwel, tu a:l miȝ gre:tnes!  
 di:s iz de stæ:rt ov mæn: tu-dæi hi puts furð  
 de tender le:vz ov ho:ps; tu-moro: blosomz,  
 ænd be:rz hiz blufiȝ onorz ðik upon him;  
 de ðird dæi kumz æ frost, æ kilinȝ frost, 355  
 ænd hwen hi ðinȝks, gud e:zi mæn, ful siurli  
 hiz gre:tnes iz æ-riȝpniȝ, nips hiz rut,  
 ænd ðen hi fa:lz, æz ij dur. ij hæv ventiu:rd,<sup>1</sup>  
 lik lit,l wænton boiz dæt swim on blæderz,  
 di:s mæni sumerz in æ se: ov glo:ri, 360  
 but fæ: bi-jond miȝ depθ: miȝ hiȝ-bloun priȝd  
 æt leȝð bro:k under mi: ænd nuw hæz left miȝ,  
 we:ri ænd ould wið servis, tu de mersi  
 ov æ riud stre:m, dæt must for ever hiȝd miȝ.  
 væin pomp ænd glo:ri ov di:s world, ij hæ:t ji: 365  
 ij fi:l miȝ hæ:rt niu o:p,nd. o: huw wretȝed  
 iz dæt pur mæn dæt hæȝz on prinsez fæ:vorz!  
 der iz, bitwikst dæt smiȝl wi wuld æspiȝr tuȝ,  
 dæt swi:t æspekt ov prinsez, ænd dæir riuin,  
 mo:r pæȝz ænd fe:rz ðen wæ:rz or wimen hæ:v: 370  
 ænd hwen hi fa:lz, hi fa:lz lik liusifer,  
 never tu ho:p æȝæin.

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<sup>1</sup> Or venterd.

FROM CORIOLANUS.

ACT V. SCENE III.

NAY, go not from vs thus:  
If it were so, that our request did tend  
To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy  
The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs  
135 As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite  
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces  
May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,  
This we receiu'd, and each in either side  
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest  
140 For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great  
Sonne)

The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,  
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curfes:  
145 Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,  
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:  
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines  
To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:  
Thou hast affected the fine<sup>1</sup> straines of Honor,  
150 To imitate the graces of the Gods.  
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,  
And yet to charge<sup>2</sup> thy Sulphure with a Boul't  
That should but riue an Oake. Why do'st not speake?  
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman  
155 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:  
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,

<sup>1</sup> five.      <sup>2</sup> change.

## FROM CORIOLANUS.

## ACT V. SCENE III.

næi, go: not from us dus.

if it we:r so: dæt uwr rekwest did tend  
 tu sæ:v de ro:mænz, de:rbij tu destroi  
 de volse:z hwu:m iu serv, iu mijt kondem us,  
 æz poiznus ov iur onor: no:; uwr siut 135  
 iz, dæt iu rekonsijl dem: hwijl de volse:z  
 mæi sæi "dis mersi wi hæv foud;" de ro:mænz,  
 "dis wi rese:vd;" ænd e:tf in e:der sijð  
 giv de a:l-hæil tu di:, ænd krij "bi: blest  
 for mæ:kiŋ up dis pe:s!" duw knoust, gre:t sun, 140

de end ov wæ:rz unsertæin, but ðis sertæin,  
 dæt, if duw konker ru:m, de benefit  
 hwitf duw fælt de:rbij re:p iz sutf æ næ:m,  
 hwu:z repetiŋon wil bi dogd wið kursez;  
 hwu:z kronik,l ðus writ: "de mæn wæz no:b,l, 145  
 but wið hiz læst ætempt hi wijpt it uwt;  
 destroid hiz kuntri, ænd hiz næ:m remæinz  
 tu dinsiuiŋ æ:dʒ æbhord." spe:k tu mi:, sun:  
 duw hæst æfekted de fiŋ stræinz ov onor,  
 tu imitært de græ:sez ov de godz: 150  
 tu te:r wið 0under de wijd tʃi:ks o dæir  
 ænd jit tu tʃærdʒ diŋ sulfur wið æ boult  
 dæt fu:ld but rijv æn o:k. hwij dust not spe:k?  
 0iŋkst duw it on(o)ræbl for æ no:b,l mæn  
 stil tu remember wronʒ? dæ:ter, spe:k iu: 155  
 hi kæ:rz not for iur wi:piŋ. spe:k duw, boi:

Perhaps thy childifhneffe will moue him more  
 Then can our Reafons. There's no man in the world  
 More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate  
 160 Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou haft neuer in thy life,  
 Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtefie,  
 When ſhe (poore Hen) fond of no ſecond brood,  
 Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and ſafelie home  
 Loden with Honor. Say my Requeſt's vniuſt,  
 165 And ſpurne me backe: But, if it be not ſo  
 Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee  
 That thou refrain'ſt from me the Duty, which  
 To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:  
 Down Ladies: let vs ſhame him with our knees  
 170 To his ſur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride  
 Then pittie to our Prayers. Downe: an end,  
 This is the laſt. So, we will home to Rome,  
 And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,  
 This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,  
 175 But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowſhip,  
 Doe's reaſon our Petition with more ſtrength  
 Then thou haft to deny't. Come, let vs go:  
 This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:  
 His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe  
 180 Like him by chance: yet giue vs our diſpatch:  
 I am huſht vntill our City be afire,  
 And then Ile ſpeak a litle.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> & then ile ſpeak a litle, *not beginning a new line.*



perhæps dij tſijldifnes wil mu:v him mo:r  
 den kæn uwr re:z,nz. derz no: mæn in de world  
 mo:r buwnd tuz muder; jit he:r hi lets mi præ:t  
 lijk o:n id stoks. duw (hæ)st never in dij lijf 160  
 foud dij de:r muder æni kurtesi,  
 hwen ſi:, pu:r hen, fond ov no: sekond bru:d,  
 hæz klokt di tu de wærz ænd sæfli ho:m,  
 lo:d,n wid onor. sæi mij rekwests undꝥust,  
 ænd ſpurn mi bæk: but if it bi: not so:, 165  
 duw ært not onest; ænd de godz wil plæ:g di:,  
 dæt duw restræinst from mi: de diuti hwitf  
 tū æ muderz pært bilongz. hi turnz æwæi:  
 duwn, læ:diz; let us ſæ:m him wid uwr kni:z.  
 tū (h)iz surnæ:m koriolæ:nus longz mo:r prijd 170  
 den piti tu uwr præi,rz. duwn: æn end;  
 dis iz de læst: so: wi wil ho:m tu ru:m,  
 ænd dij æmoſ uwr ne:borz:<sup>2</sup> næi, bihoulds:  
 dis boi, dæt kænot tel hwæt hi wu:ld hæ:v,  
 but kni:lz ænd houldz up hændz for felo:ſip, 175  
 duz re:z,n uwr petiſion wid mo:r strejð  
 den duw hæst tu denijt. kum, let us go: :  
 dis felo: hæd æ volscæn tu hiz muder;  
 hiz wijf iz in korij(o)le:z, ænd hiz tſijld  
 lijk him bij tſæns. jit giv us uwr dispætſ: 180  
 ij (æ)m huft until uwr siti bi: æfijr,  
 ænd den ijl ſpe:k æ lit,l.

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<sup>1</sup> Or næiborz.



FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II. SCENE II.

ro:mēo:]	fi speks:	25	
 or, spek ægæin, brijt ændz,l! for ðuw ært æt glō:rīus tu ðis niȝt, bi:(i)ŋ or mij hed, æt iz æ wiŋged mesendʒer ov he(:)vn untu ðe hwijt-uturned wundriŋ iȝ ov mortælz dæt fa:l bæc tu gæriz on him hwen hi bistrijdz de læzi puŋ kluwdz ænd sæilz upon de buȝom ov de æir.			30

dʒuliet.] o: ro:měo:, ro:měo: ! hwe:rfo:r ært ðu w  
ro:měo: ?

denij dij fæder ænd refiuz dij næ:m;  
or, if duw wilt not, bi: but sworn mij luv, 35  
ænd ijl no longer bi: æ kæpiulet.

ro:məo:]    ʃæl ij he:r mo:r, or ʃæl ij spe:k æt  
                                dis?

dziuliet.] tiz but dij næ:m dæt iz mij enemi;  
duw ært dijselſ, dou not æ muwntægju.  
hwæts muwntægju? it iz nor hænd, nor furt, 40  
nor ærm, nor fæ:s, nor æni uder pært  
biſonggiſ tu æ mæn. o: bi: ſum uder næ:m!  
hwæts in æ næ:m? dæt hwitſ wi kail æ ro:z  
bij æni uder word wuld ſmel æz ſwit;  
so: ro:mœo: wuld, we(:)r hi not ro:mœo: kaild, 45  
retæin dæt de:r perfekſion hwitſ hi ouz  
widuwt dæt tijt,l. ro:mœo:, doſ dij næ:m,  
ænd for dij næ:m hwitſ iz no pært ov di:  
tæ:k a:l mijselſ.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word:

50 Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,  
Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

. . . . .

*Iul.* Thou knowest the maske of night is on  
my face,

Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,  
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie  
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,

90 Doeſt thou Loue me?<sup>1</sup> I know thou wilt say I,  
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwear'ſt,  
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries  
They say *Ioue* laughs,<sup>2</sup> oh gentle *Romeo*,  
If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:

95 Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,  
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.

In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:  
And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour<sup>3</sup> light,

100 But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,  
Then those that haue more cunning<sup>4</sup> to be strange,  
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,  
But that thou ouer heard'ſt ere I was ware  
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,  
105 And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,  
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed<sup>5</sup> Moone I vow,  
That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.

*Iul.* O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant  
Moone,

<sup>1</sup> me *om.* *F*, me *Q*.    <sup>2</sup> laugh.    <sup>3</sup> behauiour *F*, h. *Q*.  
<sup>4</sup> coying *F*, more cunning *Q*.    <sup>5</sup> blessed *om.* *F*, bl. *Q*.

ro:mëo:.] ij tæk di æt dij word:  
 ka:l mi but luv, ænd ijl bi niu bæptijzd; 50  
 hensfurθ ij never wil bi ro:meo:.

. . . . .  
 dʒiuliet.] duw knoust de mæsk ov niʒt iz on 85  
 mij fæ:s,  
 els wu:ld æ mæid,n bluf bi:pæint mij tʃi:k  
 for dæt hwitʃ duw hæst hærd mi spe:k tu-niʒt.  
 fæin wu:ld ij dwel on form, fæin, fæin denij  
 hwæt ij hæv spo:k: but fæ:rwel kompliment!  
 dust duw luv mi:ʔ ij kno: duw wilt sæi "ij," 90  
 ænd ij wil tæk dij wor:ʔ jɪt, if duw swe:rst  
 duw mæist pru:v fa:ls; æt luverz perdzjuriz,  
 dæi sæi, dʒo:v læfs. o: dʒent,l ro:meo:;  
 if duw dust luv, pronuwns it fæiθfuli:  
 or if duw θiŋkst ij æm tu: kwikli wun, 95  
 ijl fruwn ænd bi pervers ænd sæi di næi,  
 so duw wilt wu:; but els, not for de world.  
 in triuθ, fæir muwntægiu, ij æm tu: fond,  
 ænd deirfo:r duw mæist θiŋk mij hæ:vʃor liʒt:  
 but trust mi:, dʒent,l mæn, ijl pru:v mo:r triu 100  
 den do:z dæt hæ:v mo:r kuniŋ tu bi strændʒ.  
 ij fu:ld hæv bi:n mo:r strændʒ, ij must konfes,  
 but dæt duw overhærdst, eir ij wæz wæ:r,  
 mij triu luvz pæsion: deirfo:r pærdon mi:;  
 ænd not impiut dis jɪldiŋ tu liʒt luv, 105  
 hwitʃ de dærk niʒt hæθ so: diskuvered.

ro:mëo:.] læ:di, biʒ jonder blesed mu:n ij vuw  
 dæt tips wið silver a:l de:z friut-tri: tops—  
 dʒiuliet.] o:, swe:r not biʒ de mu:n, dinkonstænt  
 mu:n,

110 That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,  
 Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I sweare by?

*Iul.* Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,  
 Which is the God of my Idolatry,

115 And Ile beleeeue thee.

*Rom.* If my hearts deare loue.

*Iuli.* Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,

It is too rash, too vnaduif'd, too sudden,

Too like the lightning which doth cease to be

120 Ere one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:

This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,

May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:

Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,

Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

125 *Rom.* O wilt thou leaue me so vnatisfied?

*Iuli.* What satisfaction can't thou haue to  
 night?

*Ro.* Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow  
 for mine.

*Iul.* I gaue thee mine before thou did't  
 request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.

130 *Rom.* Would't thou withdraw it? For what  
 purpose Loue?<sup>1</sup>

*Iul.* But to be franke and giue it thee againe,

And yet I wilh but for the thing I haue,

My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,

My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee

135 The more I haue, for both are Infinite.

\* \* \*

\*

<sup>1</sup> For . . . Loue? *a separate line.*

ðæt munðli tʃændʒez in her sirkled orb, 110

lest ðæt dij luv pru:v lijkwiʒz væriæb(.l.<sup>1</sup>

ro:məo:.] hwæt ʃæl ij swe:r bij?

dʒiuliət.] du not swe:r æt a:l;

or, if ðuw wilt, swe:r bij dij græ:sʊs self,

hwitʃ iz de god ov mij ijdolætri,

ænd ijl bili:v di: 115

ro:məo:.] if mij hærts de:r luv—

dʒiuliət.] wel, du not swe:r a:ldou ij dʒoi in di:,

ij hæ:v no dʒoi ov dis kontrækt tu-nijt:

it iz tu: ræʃ, tu: unædvijzd, tu: sudæin;<sup>2</sup>

tu: lijk de lijtniʒ, hwitʃ duθ se:s tu bi:

e:r o:n kæn sæi “it lijtnz.” swit, gud nijt! 120

dis bud. ov luv. bij sumerz rijpniʒ bre(:)θ,

mæi pru:v æ beutʃus fluwr hwen nekst wi mi:t.

gud nijt, gud nijt! æz swit repo:z ænd rest

kum tu dij hært æz ðæt wiðin mij brest!

ro:məo:.] o:, wilt ðuw lei:v mi so: unsætisfijð? 125

dʒiuliət.] hwæt sætisfæksʃon kænst ðuw hæ:v

tu-nijt?

ro:məo:.] dekstʃændʒ ov dij luvz fæiθful vuw

for mijn.

dʒiuliət.] ij gæ:v di mijn bifo:r ðuw didst

rekwest it:

ænd jit ij wu:ld it we(:)r tu giv ægæin.

ro:məo:.] wu:ldst ðuw wiðdra: it? for hwæt 130

purpos, luv?

dʒiuliət.] but tu bi fræŋk, ænd giv it di ægæin.

ænd jit ij wiʃ but for de θiʒ ij hæ:v:

mij buwnti iz æz buwndles æz de se:,

mij luv æz di:p; de mo:r ij giv tu di:,

de mo:r ij hæ:v, for bo:θ ær infinit. 135

\*

\*

<sup>1</sup> Or væriæb(.l.)

<sup>2</sup> sud.n.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,  
 My dreames preface some ioyfull news at hand:  
 My bosomes Lord <sup>1</sup> sits lightly in his throne:  
 And all this day an vnaccustom'd <sup>2</sup> spirit,  
<sup>5</sup> Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.  
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,  
 (Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)  
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
 That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.  
<sup>10</sup> Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possesse,  
 When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

## FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

*Bru.* ROMANS, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare  
 mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare.  
<sup>15</sup> Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to  
 mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me  
 in your Wifedom, and awake your Senses, that you  
 may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this  
 Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I  
<sup>20</sup> say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then  
 his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus*  
 rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I  
 lou'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had  
 you rather *Cæsar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues;

<sup>1</sup> L.      <sup>2</sup> thisan day an vccustom'd.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

if ij mæi trust ðe flæt(e)riŋ triuθ ov sli:p,  
 mij dre:mz presæ:dʒ sum dʒoiful niuz æt hænd:  
 mij bu:zomz lord sits lijtli in hiz θro:n;  
 ænd a:l dis dæi æn unækustomd spirit  
 lifts mi æbu:v ðe gruwnd wið tʃe:rful θouts. 5  
 ij dremt mij læ:di kæ:m ænd fuwnd mi ded—  
 strændʒ dre:m, ðæt givz æ ded mæn le:v tu θiŋk!—  
 ænd bre:dd sutʃ li:f wið kisez in mij lips,  
 ðæt ij revijvd, ænd wæz æn emperor.  
 æh mi: ! huw swi:t iz luv itself pozest, 10  
 hwen but luvz ʃædouz ær so ritʃ in dʒoi !

## FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

briutus.] ro:mænz, kuntrimen, ænd luvæz ! he:r  
 mi for mij ka:z, ænd bi: sijlent, ðæt iu mæi he:r:  
 bili:v mi for mijn onor, ænd hæ:v respekt tu 15  
 mijn onor, ðæt iu mæi bili:v: sensiur mi in iur  
 wizdum, ænd æwæ:k iur sensez, ðæt iu mæi  
 de beter dʒudʒ. if der bi: æni in dis æsembli,  
 æni de:r frend ov se:zærz, tu him ij sæi, ðæt  
 briutus luv tu se:zæz wæz no les ðen hiz.<sup>1</sup> if 20  
 ðen ðæt frend demænd hwij briutus ro:z ægæinst  
 se:zæz, dis iz mij ænswer:—not ðæt ij luvd se:  
 zæz les, but ðæt ij luvd rum mo:r. hæd iu  
 ræder se:zæz we(:)r liviŋ ænd di: a:l skæ:vz,

<sup>1</sup> Or his.

25 then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men?  
 As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he  
 was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant,  
 I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I flew  
 him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for  
 30 his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death,  
 for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would  
 be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended.  
 Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman?  
 35 If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who is heere  
 so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any,  
 speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

. . . . .  
*An.* Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me  
 your ears:

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:  
 80 The euill that men do, liues after them,  
 The good is oft enterred with their bones,  
 So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,  
 Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:  
 If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,  
 85 And greeuouly hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.  
 Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest  
 (For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,  
 So are they all; all Honourable men)  
 Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.  
 90 He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;  
 But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,  
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.  
 He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,  
 Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:  
 95 Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious?  
 When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:

den dæt se:zær we(:)r ded, tu liv a:l fri; men? æz se:-<sup>25</sup>  
 zær luvd mi; ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz fortiunæt; ij  
 redgois æt it; æz hi wæz væliænt, ij onor him;  
 but, æz hi wæz æmbisiūs, ij sliu him. ðer iz te:rz  
 for hiz luv; dgoi for hiz fortiun; onor for hiz  
 vælor; ænd de(:)θ for hiz æmbisiōn. hwu: iz he:r<sup>30</sup>  
 so bæ:s dæt wu:ld bi æ bondmæn? if æni, spe:k;  
 for him hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so riud dæt  
 wu:ld not bi æ ro:mæn? if æni, spe:k; for him  
 hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so vijl dæt wil not<sup>35</sup>  
 luv hiz kuntri? if æni, spe:k; for him hæv ij ofend-  
 ed. ij pa:z for æ replij.

. . . . .  
 æntoni.] frendz, ro:mænz, kuntrinen, lend mi  
 iur e:rz;

ij kum tu beri se:zær, not tu præiz him.  
 de i:vil dæt men du: livz æfter dem; 80  
 de gud iz oft intered wid ðæir bo:nz;  
 so let it bi; wi se:zær. de no:b:l briutus  
 hæθ tould iu se:zær wæz æmbisi-us:  
 if it we:r so; it wæz æ gri:vus fa:lt,  
 ænd gri:vusli hæθ se:zær ænswerd it. 85  
 he:r, under leiv ov briutus ænd de rest—  
 for briutus iz æn onoræb:l mæn;  
 so ær ðæi a:l, a:l onoræb:l men—  
 kum ij tu spe:k in se:zærz fiuneræl.  
 hi wæz mij frend, fa:θful ænd dʒust tu mi:: 90  
 but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;  
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb:l mæn.  
 hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu rum,  
 hwu:z rænsomz did de dʒen(e)ræl koferz fil:  
 did ðis in se:zær sim æmbisi-us? 95  
 hwen dæt de pur hæv krijd, se:zær hæθ wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,  
 Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:  
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

100 You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,  
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?  
 Yet Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious:  
 And sure he is an Honourable man.

105 I speake not to disprooue what *Brutus* spoke,  
 But heere I am, to speake what I do know;  
 You all did loue him once, not without cause,  
 What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?  
 O Iudgement! thou art<sup>1</sup> fled to brutish Beasts,  
 110 And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,  
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,  
 And I must pause, till it come backe to me.

. . . . .  
 But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might  
 Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,

125 And none so poore to do him reuerence.  
 O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre  
 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,  
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:  
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.

130 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,  
 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.  
 But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar*,  
 I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:

135 Let but the Commons heare this Testament:  
 Which (pardon me)<sup>2</sup> I do not meane to reade,

<sup>1</sup> are.

<sup>2</sup> (Which pardon me).

æmbisiōn fūld bi mæ:d ov sterner stuf:  
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;  
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.  
 iu a:l did si: dæt on de liuperkæl 100  
 ij θrijs prezented him æ kingly kruwn,  
 hwitf hi did θrijs refiuz: wæz dis æmbisiōn?  
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;  
 ænd, siur, hi iz æn onoræb,l mæn.  
 ij spe:k not tu dispru:v hwæt briutus spok, 105  
 but he:r ij æm tu spe:k hwæt ij du kno:.  
 iu a:l did luv him o:ns, not widuwt ka:z:  
 hwæt ka:z wiθhouldz iu den, tu murn for him?  
 o: dzudzment! duw ært fled tu briutif be:sts,  
 ænd men hæv lost ðeir re:z,n. be:r wið mi:; 110  
 mij hært iz in de kofin ðe:r wið se:zær,  
 ænd ij must pa:z til it kum bæk tu mi:.  
 . . . . .  
 but jesterdæi ðe word ov se:zær mijt  
 hæv stu(:)d ægæinst de world: nuw lijz hi ðe:r,  
 ænd no:n so pur tu du: him reverens. 125  
 o: mæsterz, if ij we(:)r dispo:zd tu stur  
 iur hærts ænd mijndz tu miutini ænd ræ:dʒ,  
 ij fūld du: briutus wroŋ, ænd kæsīus wroŋ,  
 hwu:, iu a:l kno:, ær onoræb,l mæn.  
 ij wil not du: dem wroŋ; ij ræder tʃu:z 130  
 tu wroŋ de ded, tu wroŋ mijself ænd iu,  
 den ij wil wroŋ sutf onoræb,l mæn.  
 but he:rz æ pærtsment wið de se:l ov se:zær;  
 ij fuwnd it in hiz klozet, tiz hiz wil:  
 let but ðe komonz he:r dis testæment— 135  
 hwitf, pærdon mi:, ij du not me:n tu re:d—

And they would go and kisse dead *Cæfars* wounds,  
 And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;  
 Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,  
 140 And dying, mention it within their Willes,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie  
 Vnto their issue.

. . . . .  
 145 Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.  
 It is not meete you know how *Cæfar* lou'd you:  
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:  
 And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæfar*,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad;  
 150 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,  
 For if you should, O what would come of it?

. . . . .  
 Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?  
 155 I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,  
 I feare I wrong the Honourable men,  
 Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Cæfar*: I do feare it.

. . . . .  
 You will compell me then to read the Will:  
 Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæfar*,  
 And let me shew you him that made the Will:  
 Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?

. . . . .  
 If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this Mantle, I remember  
 175 The first time euer *Cæfar* put it on,  
 'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,  
 That day he ouercame the *Nervij*.  
 Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:  
 See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:  
 180 Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd,

ænd ðæi wu:ld go: ænd kis ded se:zærz wuwndz  
 ænd dip ðæir næpkinz in hiz sæ:kred blod,  
 je:, beg æ hæir ov him for memori,  
 ænd, dijiŋ, mensiōn it widin ðæir wilz, 140  
 bikwe:diŋ it æz æ ritf legæsi  
 untu ðæir isiu.

. . . . .  
 hæiv pæ:sïens, dʒent,l frendz, ij must not re:ɔ it; 145  
 it iz not mi:t iu kno: huw se:zær luvd iu.  
 iu ær not wud, iu ær not sto:nz, but men;  
 ænd bi:ij men, he:riŋ de wil ov se:zær,  
 it wil inflæ:m iu, it wil mæ:k iu mæd:  
 tiz gud iu kno: not ðæt iu ær hiz hæirz; 150  
 for if iu fju:ld, o:, hwæt wu:ld kum ov it!

. . . . .  
 wil iu bi pæ:sïent? wil iu stæi æhwijl?  
 ij hæv o:rɔot mijselɔ tu tel iu ov it: 155  
 ij feir ij wro:ŋ de onoræb,l men  
 hwu:z dægerz hæv stæbd se:zær; ij du feir it.

. . . . .  
 iu wil kompel mi, den, tu re:ɔ de wil?  
 den mæ:k æ riŋ æbuwt de korps ov se:zær,  
 ænd let mi fo: iu him ðæt mæ:d de wil.  
 fæl ij desend? ænd wil iu giv mi le:v?

. . . . .  
 if iu hæv te:rz, prepæ:r tu fɔd dem nuw.  
 iu a:l du kno: dis mænt,l, ij remember  
 de first tijm ever se:zær put it on 175  
 twæz on æ sumerz i:vniŋ, in hiz tent,  
 ðæt ðæi hi overkæ:m de nervi-ij:  
 luk, in dis plæ:s ræn kæsïus dæger Gru:  
 si: hwæt æ rent de envïus kæsikæ mæ:d:  
 0ru: dis de wel-biluvæd briutus stæbd; 180

- And as he pluck'd his curled Steele away:  
 Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,  
 As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd  
 If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:
- 185 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.  
 Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lou'd him:  
 This was the most vnkindest cut of all.  
 For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
- 190 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,  
 And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,  
 Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue  
 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.  
 O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
- 195 Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,  
 Whil'ft bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.  
 O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feelee  
 The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.  
 Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
- 200 Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,  
 Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.  
 . . . . .  
 Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp
- 215 To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:  
 They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.  
 What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,  
 That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,  
 And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
- 220 I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,  
 I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;



ænd æz hi plukt hiz kursed sti:l æwæi,  
 mærk huw ðe blud ov se:zær foloud it,  
 æz rufiŋ uwt ov do:rz, tu bi rezolvd  
 if briutus so unkiŋdli knokt, or no:;  
 for briutus, æz iu kno:, wæz se:zærz ændʒ,l: 185  
 dʒudʒ, o: iu godʒ, huw de:rli se:zær luvd him!  
 ðis wæz ðe mo:st unkiŋdest kut ov a:l;  
 for hwen ðe no:b,l se:zær sa: him stæb,  
 ingrætitiud, mo:r stroŋ ðen træitorz ærmz,  
 kwijt væŋkwift him: den burst hiz miŋti hært; 190  
 ænd, in hiz mænt,l muflin up hiz fæ:s,  
 i:vn æt ðe bæ:s ov pompæiz stætiue,<sup>1</sup>  
 hwitʃ a:l de hwijl ræn blud, gre:t se:zær fel.  
 o:, hwæt æ fa:l wæz de:r, miŋ kuntrimen!  
 ðen ij, ænd iu, ænd a:l ov us fel duwn, 195  
 hwijlst bludi tre:z,n flurift over us.  
 o:, nuw iu wi:p; ænd, ij perse:v, iu fi:l  
 ðe dint ov piti: de:z ær græ:sūs drops.  
 kiŋd soulz, hwæt, wi:p iu hwen iu but bihould  
 uwr se:zærz vestiur wuwnded? luk iu he:r, 200  
 he:r iz hi:msel:f, mærd, æz iu si:, wid træitorz.  
 . . . . .  
 gud frendz, swi:t frendz, let mi not stur iu up  
 tu sutʃ æ sudæin flud ov miutini. 215  
 dæi dæt hæv dun ðis di:d ær onoræb,l:  
 hwæt pri:væt gri:fz dæi hæ:v, ækes, ij kno: not,  
 dæt mæ:d dem du:(i)t: dæi (æ)r wi:z ænd onoræb,l,  
 ænd wil, no duwt, wid re:z,nz ænswer iu.  
 ij kum not, frendz, tu ste:l æwæi iur hærts: 220  
 ij æm no orætor, æz briutus iz;

<sup>1</sup> Or staty:; "statue" being treated as a F. word.  
 Or else stætiue, i. e. "statua," the L. form.



but, æz iu kno: mi a:l, æ plæin blunt mæn,  
 dæt luv mij frend; ænd dæt dæi kno: ful wel  
 dæt gæ: v mi publik le: v tu spe:k ov him:  
 for ij hæv ne: der wit, nor wordz, nor wurð, 225  
 æksion, nor ut(e)ræns, nor de puwr ov spe:tʃ.  
 tu stur menz blod: ij o:nli spe:k rijt on;  
 ij tel iu dæt hwitʃ iu iurselvz da kno:;  
 fo: iu swit se: zærz wuwndz, pu:r pu:r dum  
 muwðz,  
 ænd bid dem spe:k for mi:: but we(:)r ij briutus, 230  
 ænd briutus æntoni, der we(:)r æn æntoni  
 wu:ld ruf,l up iur spir(i)ts ænd put æ tunj  
 in ev(e)ri wuwnd ov se: zær dæt ʃu:ld mu: v  
 de sto:nz ov ru:m tu rijz ænd miutini.

## FROM MACBETH.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

[Thunder. enter de θri: witʃez.]

first witʃ.] hwe:r hæst duw bi:n, sister?

sekond witʃ.] kilij swijn.

θird witʃ.] sister, hwe:r duw?

first witʃ.] æ sæilorz wijf hæd tʃes(t)nuts in her læp  
 ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt:—"giv  
 mi:," kwoθ ij. 5

"æroint di:, witʃ!" de rump-fed runion krijz.

her huzbændz tu ælepo: go:n, mæster od tijger:

but in æ siv ijl dede: sæil,

And like a Rat without a tayle,  
 10 Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile giue thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe haue all the other,  
 15 And the very Ports they blow,

All the Quarters that they know,  
 I'th' Ship-mans Card.

I will<sup>1</sup> dreyne him drie as Hay:  
 Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day

20 Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:

He shall liue a man forbid:

Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,  
 Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:

Though his Barke cannot be lost,

25 Yet it shall be Tempest-toft.

Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,  
 Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*

30 3. A Drumme, a Drumme:

*Macbeth* doth come.

*All.* The weyward Sifters, hand in hand,  
 Pofters of the Sea and Land,

Thus doe goe, about, about,

35 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice againe, to make vp nine.

Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Ile.

ænd, lijk æ ræt widuwt æ tæil,  
ijl du:, ijl du:, ænd ijl du:. 10

sekond witf.] ijl giv di æ wijnd.

first witf.] dært kijnd.

θird witf.] ænd ij ænuder.

first witf.] ij mijselġ hæ:v a:l de uder,

ænd de veri ports dæi blo:, 15

a:l de kwærterz dæt dæi kno:

id ġipmænz kærd.

ij wil dræin him drij æz hæi:

sli:p ġæl ne:der niġt nor dæi

hæŋ upon hiz pent-huws lid; 20

hi ġæl liv æ mæn forbid:

we:ri sevnijts niġn tiġmz niġn

ġæl hi dwindl, pe:k ænd piġn:

ðou hiz bærk kænot bi lost,

ġit it ġæl bi tempest-tost. 25

lu:k hwæt ij hæ:v.

sekond witf.] ġo: mi:, ġo: mi:.

first witf.] he:r ij hæ:v æ piġlots θum,

wrekt æz ho:mwærd hi did kum. [drum widin.

θird witf.] æ drum, æ drum! 30

mækbeth duθ kum.

a:l.] de wæiwærd sisterz, hænd in hænd,

po:sterz ov de se: ænd kænd,

ðus du ġo: æbuwt, æbuwt:

θrijs tu diġn ænd θrijs tu miġn 35

ænd θrijs æġæin, tu mæ:k up niġn.

pe:s! de tġærmz wuwnd up.

\*

\*

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## ACT I. SCENE VII.

*Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then  
'twere well,

It were done quickly: If th'Assassination  
 Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch  
 With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow  
 5 Might be the be all, and the end all: Heere,<sup>1</sup>  
 But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,  
 Wee'd iumpe the life to come. But in these Cafes,  
 We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach  
 Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne  
 10 To plague th'Inuenter. This euen-handed Iustice  
 Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice  
 To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;  
 First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,  
 Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,  
 15 Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,  
 Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*  
 Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin  
 So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues  
 Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against  
 20 The deepe damnation of his taking off:  
 And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,  
 Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd  
 Vpon the lightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,  
 25 That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre  
 To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely  
 Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,  
 And falles on th'other. How now? What Newes? <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> end all. Heere,.      <sup>2</sup> How now? What Newes? *a separate line.*

## ACT I. SCENE VII.

mækbeθ.] if it we(:)r dun hwen tiz dun, den  
twe(:)r wel

it we(:)r dun kwikli: if dæsæsinæ:sion  
ku:ld træm,l up de konsekwens, ænd kætf  
wid hiz surse:s sukses; dæt but dis blo:  
mijt bi de bi:æl ænd de end:æl: he:r, 5  
but he:r, upon dis bæŋk ænd sku:l ov tijm,  
wi:ld dʒump de lijf tu kum. but in de:z kæ:sez  
wi stil hæv dʒudʒment he:r; dæt wi but tætf  
bludi instruksionz, hwitf, bi:ŋ tætf, return  
tu plæ:g dinventor: dis i:v,n-hænded dʒustis 10  
komendz dingre:diens ov uwr poiz,nd tʃælis  
tu uwr oun lips. hi:z he:r in dub,l trust;  
first. æz ij æm hiz kinzmæn ænd hiz subdʒekt,  
stroŋ bo:θ ægæinst de di:d; den, æz hiz ho:st,  
hwu: fʊ:ld ægæinst hiz murderer fʊt de do:r, 15  
not be:r de knijf mijsself. bisijdz, dis duŋkæn  
hæθ born hiz fækultiz so mi:k, hæθ bi(:)n  
so kle:r in hiz gre:t ofis, dæt hiz vertiuz  
wil ple:d lijk ændʒelz, trumpet-tuŋd, ægæinst  
de di:p dæmnæ:sion ov hiz tæ:kiŋ-of; 20  
ænd piti, lijk æ næ:ked niu-born bæ:b,  
strijdŋ de blæst, or he(:)v,nz tʃeriubin, horst  
upon de sijtles kurʃorz<sup>1</sup> ov de æir,  
fæl blo: de horid di:d in ev(e)ri ij,  
dæt te:rz fæl druwn de wijnd. ij hæ:v no spur 25  
tu prik de sijdz ov mij intent, but o:nli  
va:ltiŋ æmbisio:n, hwitf o:rle:ps itself  
ænd fa:lz on duder.—huw nuw! hwæt niuz?

<sup>1</sup> kurʃerz.

*La.* He has almost supt: why haue you lett  
the chamber?

30 *Mac.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*La.* Know you not, he ha's?

*Mac.* We will proceed no further in this  
Bufineffe:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought  
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,  
35 Not cast aside so soone.

*La.* Was the hope drunke,  
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd  
40 To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,  
As thou art in desire? Would'ft thou haue that  
Which thou esteem'ft the Ornament of Life,  
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?  
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,  
45 Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

*Macb.* Prythee peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do<sup>1</sup> more, is none.

\* \* \*

#### ACT II. SCENE I.

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,  
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee:  
35 I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.

<sup>1</sup> no.



læ:di.] hi hæz<sup>1</sup> a:lmo:st supt: hwij hæv iu left  
de tʃæmber?

mækbeθ]. hæθ hi æskt for mi: ? 30

læ:di.] kno: iu not hi hæz?

mækbeθ.] wi wil prosid no furder in dis biznes:

hi hæθ<sup>2</sup> onord mi: ov læt, ænd ij hæv bout  
gould,n opinïonz from a:l sorts ov pi:p,l,  
hwitʃ wu:ld bi worn nuw in dæir niuest glos,  
not kæst æsijd so su:n. 35

læ:di.] wæz de ho:p drunƿ  
hwe:rin iu drest iurself? hæθ it slept sins?

ænd wæ:ks it nuw, tu luk so grin ænd pæ:l

æt hwæt it did so fri:li? from dis tijm

sutʃ ij ækuwnt dij luv. ært duw æfe:rd

tu bi de sæ:m in dijn oun ækt ænd vælor 40

æz duw ært in dezi:r? wu:ldst duw hæ:v dæt

hwitʃ duw esti:mst de ornæment ov lijf,

ænd liv æ kuwærd in dijn oun esti:m,

letij "ij dæ:r not" wæit upon "ij wu:ld,"

lijk de pur kæt id ædæ(:)dʒ? 45

mækbeθ.] prid:, pe:s:

ij dæ:r du: a:l dæt mæi bikum æ mæn:

hwu: dæ:rz du: mo:r iz no:n.

\* \* \*

# ACT II. SCENE I.

iz dis æ dæger hwitʃ ij si: bifo:r mi:,

de hænd,l to:rd mij hænd? kum, let mi klutʃ di:.

ij hæ:v di: not, ænd jit ij si: di: stil. 35

<sup>1</sup> hi:z.

<sup>2</sup> hi:θ.

Art thou not fatall Vifion, fenfible  
 To feeling, as to fight? or art thou but  
 A Dagger of the Minde, a falfe Creation,  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppreffed Braine?  
 40 I fee thee yet, in forme as palpable,  
 As this which now I draw.  
 Thou marfhall'ft me the way that I was going,  
 And fuch an Inftrument I was to ufe.  
 Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences<sup>7</sup>  
 45 Or elfe worth all the reft: I fee thee ftill;  
 And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,  
 Which was not fo before. There's no fuch thing:  
 It is the bloody Bufineffe, which informes  
 Thus to mine Eyes . . . . .

\*                      \*

ACT V. SCENE III.

*Macb.* . . . . .

How do's your Patient, Doctor?

*Doct.*                      Not fo ficke my Lord,  
 As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies  
 That keepe her from her reft.

*Macb.*                      Cure her of<sup>1</sup> that:  
 40 Can'ft thou not Miniſter to a minde difeas'd,  
 Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,  
 Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,  
 And with ſome ſweet Obliuious Antidote  
 Cleanſe the ſtufft boſome, of that perillous ſtuffe  
 45 Which weighes vpon the heart?

---

<sup>1</sup> Cure of.

ært duw not, fæ:tæl vizion, sensib,l  
 tu fi:liŋ æz tu sijt? or ært duw but  
 æ dæger ov de mijnd, æ fa:ls kreæ:sion,  
 prosi:diŋ from de he:t-opresed bræin?  
 ij si: di: jit, in form æz pælpæb,l 40  
 æz dis hwitf nuw ij dra:.  
 duw mærfælst mi de wæi dæt ij wæz go:iŋ;  
 ænd sutf æn instriment ij wæz tu iuz.  
 mijn ijz ær mæ:d de fu:lz o duder sensez,  
 or els wurθ a:l de rest; ij si: di: stil, 45  
 ænd on diŋ blæ:d ænd dudzon quwts ov blud,  
 hwitf wæz not so: bifo:r. derz no: sutf θiŋ:  
 it iz de bludi biznes hwitf informz  
 ðus tu mijn ijz . . . . .

\*                      \*

### ACT V. SCENE III.

mækbeθ.] . . . . .  
 huw duz iur pæ:sient, doktor?  
 doktor.]                      not so sik, mij lord,  
 æz fi iz trub,ld wið θik-kumiŋ fænsiz,  
 dæt ki:p her from her rest.  
 mækbeθ.]                      kiur her ov dæt.  
 kænst duw not min(i)ster tu æ mijnd dize:zd, 40  
 pluk from de memori æ ruted soro:,  
 ræ:z uwt de writ,n trub,lz ov de bræin  
 ænd wið sum swi:t oblivius æntido:t  
 klens de stuft bu(:)zom ov dæt per(i)lus stuf  
 hwitf wæiz upon de hært? 45

## FROM HAMLET.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

OH that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,  
 130 Thaw, and resolute it selfe into a Dew:  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixt  
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-flaughter. O God, O God!  
 How weary, itale, flat, and vnprofitable  
 Seemes to me all the vses of this world?  
 135 Fie on't! Oh fie,<sup>1</sup> 'tis an vnweeded Garden  
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in  
 Nature  
 Possesse it meere. That it should come to this:  
 But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,  
 So excellent a King, that was to this  
 140 *Hiperion* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,  
 That he might not beteeme<sup>2</sup> the windes of heauen  
 Visitt her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth!<sup>3</sup>  
 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,  
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne  
 145 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?  
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.  
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,  
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body  
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she,  
 150 (O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason  
 Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine  
 Vnkle,  
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,  
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?

<sup>1</sup> Fie on't? Oh fie, fie *F*, Fie on't, ah fie, *Q*<sub>2</sub>.    <sup>2</sup> be-  
 teene *F*, beteeme *Q*<sub>2</sub>.    <sup>3</sup> *No stop Q*<sub>2</sub>*F*.

## FROM HAMLET.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

o:, dæt dis tu: tu: solid fleš wu:ld melt,  
 θa: ænd rezolv itself intu æ deu! 130  
 or dæt de everlæstij hæd not fikst  
 hiz kænnon gæinst self-sla:ter! o god! o god!  
 huw we:ri, stæ:l, flæt ænd unprofitæb,l  
 si:mz tu mi a:l de iusez ov dis world!  
 fij ont! o: fij! tiz æn unwi:ded gærd,n 135  
 dæt grouz tu si:d; θiŋz ræŋk ænd gro:s in  
 næ:tiur

pozes it mi:rli. dæt it fu:ld kum tu dis!  
 but tu: munθs ded: næi, not so mutf, not tu::  
 so ekselent æ kiŋ: dæt wæz, tu dis,  
 hijpe:rion tu æ sæ:ti:r; so luvij tu mij muder 140  
 dæt hi mijt not bitim de wijndz ov he(:)vn  
 vizit her fæ:s tu rufli. he(:)vn ænd e(:)rθ!  
 must ij remember? hwij, fi wu:ld hæŋ on him,  
 æz if inkre:s ov æpetijt hæd groun  
 bij hwæt it fed on: ænd jit, widin æ munθ— 145  
 let mi not θiŋk ont—fræilti, dij næ:m iz wumæn!—  
 æ lit,l munθ, or e:r do:z fu:z wer ould  
 wid hwitf fi foloud mij pu:r fæderz bodi,  
 lijk nijobe:, a:l te:rz:—hwij fi:, i:vn fi:—  
 o: he(:)vn! æ be:st, dæt wænts disku:rs ov re:z,n, 150  
 wu:ld hæv murnd loŋger—mærid wid mijn unŋk,l,

mij fæderz bruder, but no mœ:r lijk mij fæder  
 den ij tu herkiule:z: widin æ munθ:

Ere yet the falt of moſt vnrighteous Teares  
 155 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,  
 She married. . . . .

\*                      \*

ACT I. SCENE III.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,  
 60 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:  
 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:  
 The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tride,  
 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopés of Steele:  
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment  
 65 Of each new hatch't,<sup>1</sup> vnſledg'd Comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in  
 Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.  
 Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:  
 Take each mans cenſure; but reſerue thy iudgement:  
 70 Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy;  
 But not expreſt in fancie; rich, not gawdie:  
 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.  
 And they in France of the beſt ranck and ſtation,  
 Are moſt<sup>2</sup> ſelect and generous chief<sup>3</sup> in that.  
 75 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
 For lone oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend:  
 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.  
 This aboue all; to thine owne ſelfe be true:  
 And it muſt follow, as the Night the Day,  
 80 Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.

\*                      \*

<sup>1</sup> vn hatch't *F*, new hatcht *Q*<sub>2</sub>.    <sup>2</sup> Are of a moſt.    <sup>3</sup> cheff.

e:r jit de sa:lt ov mo:st unrihtius te:r:z  
 hæd left de flufiŋ ov her ga:led i:z, 155  
 ŋi mærid. . . . .

\*                      \*

## ACT I. SCENE III.

giv diŋ θouts no: tuŋ,  
 nor æni unproporsiond θout hiz ækt. 60  
 bi: duw fæmiliaer, but biŋ no: me:nz vulgær.  
 de frendz duw hæst, ænd dæir ædopsion trijd,  
 græp, l dem tu diŋ soul wid hu:ps ov sti:l;  
 but du: not dul diŋ pa:m wid entertæinment  
 ov e:ts niu-hætst, unfledzd komræ:d. biwæ:r 65  
 ov entræns tu æ kwærel, but bi:(i)ŋ in,  
 be:rt dæt doped:ed mæi biwæ:r ov di:.  
 giv ev(e)ri mæn diŋ e:r, but feu diŋ vois;  
 tæk e:ts mæn:z sensiur, but rezerv diŋ dzudzment.  
 kostli diŋ hæbit æz diŋ purs kæn biŋ, 70  
 but not eksprest in fænsi; ritŋ, not ga:di;  
 fo: de æpærel oft proklæimz de mæn,  
 ænd dæi in fræns ov de best ræŋk ænd stæ:sion  
 ær mo:st selekt ænd dʒen(e)rus, tʃi:f in dæt.  
 ne:der æ borðer, nor æ lender bi:; 75  
 for lo:n oft lu:zez bo:θ itself ænd frend,  
 ænd borðiŋ dulz de edz ov huzbændri.  
 dis æbuv a:l: tu diŋ oun self bi: triu,  
 ænd it must folo:, æz de niŋt de dæi,  
 duw kænst not den bi fa:ls tu æni mæn. 80

\*                      \*

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

To be, or not to be, that is the Question:  
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer  
 The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,  
 Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,  
 60 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe,  
 No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end  
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall fhockes  
 That Flefh is heyre too? 'Tis a confummation  
 Deuoutly to be wilh'd. To dye, to sleepe,  
 65 To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,  
 For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,  
 When we haue fhuffel'd<sup>1</sup> off this mortall coile,  
 Muft giue vs pawfe. There's the refpect  
 That makes Calamity of fo long life:  
 70 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,  
 The Oppreffors wrong, the proude<sup>2</sup> mans Contumely,  
 The pangs of difpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,  
 The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes  
 That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,  
 75 When he himfelfe might his *Quietus* make  
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would thefe Fardles  
 beare  
 To grunt and fweat vnder a weary life,  
 But that the dread of fomething after death,  
 The vndifcouered Countrey, from whole Borne  
 80 No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,  
 And makes vs rather beare thofe illes we haue,  
 Then flye to others that we know not of.  
 Thus Confcience does make Cowards of vs all,  
 And thus the Natiue hew of Refolution

<sup>1</sup> fhuffel'd.<sup>2</sup> poore *F*, proude *Q*<sub>2</sub>.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

tu bi:, or not tu bi:: ðæt iz ðe kwēstion:  
 hweder tiz nobler in ðe mijnd tu sūfer  
 ðe slīȝ ænd ærouz ov uwtræ:dȝius fortium,  
 or tu tæ:k ærmz ægæinst æ se: ov trūb,lz,  
 ænd bij opo:ziȝ end ðem. tu dij: tu sli:p; 60  
 no mo:r; ænd bij æ sli:p tu sæi wi end  
 ðe hært-æ:k ænd ðe θuwzænd nætiuræl foks  
 ðæt fleš iz hæir tu:, tiz æ konsumæ:sion  
 devuwtli tu bi wiȝt. tu dij, tu sli:p;  
 tu sli:p: pertsæns tu dre:m: ij, ðe:rz de rūb; 65  
 for in ðæt sli:p ov de(:)θ hwæt dre:mz mæi kum  
 hwen wi hæv suf,ld of ðis mortæl koil,  
 must giv us pa:z; ðe(:)rz de respekt  
 ðæt mæ:ks kælæmiti ov so loȝ lijf;  
 for hwu: wu:ld be:r de hwips ænd skornz ov tijn, 70  
 dopresorz wroȝ, ðe pruwð mænz kontium(e)li,  
 ðe pæȝz ov disprijzd luv, ðe la:z dekei,  
 ðe insolens ov ofis ænd ðe spurnz  
 ðæt pæ:sient merit ov d(e) unwurði tæ:ks,  
 hwen hi himself mijt hiz kwije:tus mæ:k 75  
 wið æ bæ:r bodkin? hwu: wu:ld ðe:z færd,lz be:r,

tu grunt ænd swe(:)t under æ we:ri lijf,  
 but ðæt ðe dre(:)d ov sumθiȝ æfter ðe(:)θ,  
 ðe undiskuverd kuntri from hwu:z born  
 no træveler returnz, puz,lz ðe wil 80  
 ænd mæ:ks us ræder be:r do:z ilz wi hæiv  
 ðen flij tu uderz ðæt wi kno: not ov?  
 ðus konsiens ðuz mæ:k kuwærdz ov us al;  
 ænd ðus ðe næ:tiv hiu ov rezoliusion

85 Is licklied o're, with the pale caft of Thought,  
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their Currants turne away,  
 And loofe the name of Action. . . . .

\*

\*

\*

## ACT III. SCENE II.

*Ham.* SPEAKE the Speech I pray you, as I  
 pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue:  
 But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do,  
 I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines:  
 5 Nor do not law the Ayre too much with<sup>1</sup> your  
 hand thus, but vse all gently: for in the verie  
 Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-  
 winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a  
 Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it  
 10 offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-  
 wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie  
 ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who  
 (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but  
 inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noife: I could haue  
 15 such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it  
 out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

*Player.* I warrant your Honor.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neyther: but let your  
 owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action  
 20 to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this  
 speciall obseruance: That you ore-stop<sup>2</sup> not the  
 modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done,  
 is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at

<sup>1</sup> with *om.* *F*, with *Qq.*    <sup>2</sup> ore-stop *F*, ore-steppe *Q.*

iz siklid o:r wið ðe pæ:l kæst ov θout, 85  
 ænd enterprijez ov gret piθ ænd mo:ment  
 wið dis regærd ðæir kurænts turn æwæi,  
 ænd lu:z de næ:m ov æksion. . . . .

\*                      \*

### ACT III. SCENE II.

hæmlet.] spe:k ðe spi:tʃ, ij præi iu, æz ij  
 pronuwnst it tu iu, tripigli on ðe tuŋ: but if  
 iu muwð it, æz mæni ov iur plæierz du:, ij hæd  
 æz liv ðe tuwn-krijer hæd spo:k mij lijnz. nor  
 du: not sa: ðe æir tu: mutʃ wið iur hænd, ðus, <sup>5</sup>  
 but iuz a:l dʒentli; for in ðe veri torent, tem-  
 pest, ænd æz ij mæi sæi, ðe hwirl-wijnd ov  
 pæšion, iu must ækwijr ænd biget æ temperæns  
 ðæt mæi giv it smu:dnes. o:, it ofendz mi tu  
 ðe soul tu si: æ robustiʊs periwig-pæ:ted felo: <sup>10</sup>  
 te:r æ pæšion tu tæterz, tu veri rægz, tu split  
 ðe e:rz ov ðe gruwndlijz, hwu: for ðe mo:st  
 pært ær kæ:pæb,l ov nuθiŋ but ineksplikæb,l dum-  
 fouz ænd noiz: ij ku:ld hæ:v sutʃ æ felo: hwipt  
 for o:rdu:iŋ termægænt; it uwt-herodz herod: præi  
 iu, ævoid it.

plæier.] ij wærænt iur onor.

hæmlet.] bi: not tu: tæ:m ne:ðer, but let iur  
 oun diskresion bi: iur tiutor: siut ðe æksion <sup>20</sup>  
 tu ðe word, ðe word tu ðe æksion; wið dis  
 spešæl observæns, ðæt iu o:rstep not ðe mo-  
 desti ov næ:tiur: for æni θiŋ so: overdun iz  
 from ðe purpo:s ov plæiŋ, hwu:z end, bo:θ æt

the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the  
 25 Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne  
 Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age  
 and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now,  
 this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make  
 the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious  
 30 greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your  
 allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh,  
 there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard  
 others praife, and that highly (not to speake it  
 prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of  
 35 Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man,<sup>1</sup>  
 haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought  
 some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and  
 not made them well, they imitated Humanity so  
 abhominably.

40 *Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indiffe-  
 rently with vs, Sir.

*Ham.* O reforme it altogether. And let those  
 that play your Clownes, speake no more then is  
 set downe for them. For there be of them, that  
 45 will themselues laugh, to set on some quantity of  
 barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane  
 time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to  
 be considered: that's Villanous, and shewes a most  
 pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go  
 50 make you readie.

\*

\*

\*

<sup>1</sup> or Norman *F*, nor man *Q*<sub>2</sub>.

de first ænd nuw, wæz ænd iz, tu hold, æz twe(:)r,  
 de miror up tu næ:tiur; tu fo: vertiu her oun<sup>25</sup>  
 fe:tiur, skorn her oun imædʒ, ænd de veri æ:dʒ  
 ænd bodi ov de tijm hiz form ænd presiur. nuw  
 dis overdun, or kum tærði of, dou it mæ:k de  
 unskilful læf, kænnot but mæ:k de dʒiudisiʊs gri:v;  
 de sensiur ov de hwitʃ o:n must in iur æluwæns<sup>30</sup>  
 o:rwæi æ ho:l θe:æter ov uderz. o:, der bi  
 plæierz dæt ij hæv si:n plæi, ænd hærd uderz  
 præiz, ænd dæt hijli, not tu spe:k it profæ:nli,  
 dæt, ne:ðer hæ:viŋ de æksent ov kristiænz nor  
 de gæ:t ov kristiæn, pæ:ɡæn, nor mæn, hæv so:<sup>35</sup>  
 struted ænd beloud dæt ij hæv θout sum ov  
 næ:tiurz dʒurnimen hæd mæ:d men ænd not  
 mæ:d dem wel, dæi imitæ:ted hiu:mænitɪ so:  
 æbominæbli.

plæier.] ij ho:p wi hæv reformd dæt indife-<sup>40</sup>  
 rentli wid us, sir.

hæmlet.] o:, reform it ailtugeder. ænd let  
 do:z dæt plæi iur kluwnz spe:k no: mo:r den iz  
 set duwn for dem; for der bi: ov dem dæt wil  
 demselvz læf, tu set on sum kwæntiti ov bæren<sup>45</sup>  
 spektæ:torz tu læf tu:; dou in de me:n tijm,  
 sum nesesæri kwestiøn ov de plæi bi: den tu bi  
 konsiderd: dæts vilænus, ænd fouz æ mo:st  
 pitiful æmbisiøn in de fu:l dæt iuzez it. go:,  
 mæ:k iu re(:)di.

\*

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\*

## ACT IV. SCENE V.

How should I your true loue know  
From another one?

25 By his Cockle hat and staffe,  
And his Sandal shoone.<sup>1</sup>

He is dead and gone Lady,  
30 He is dead and gone,  
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe,  
At his heeles a stone.<sup>2</sup>

35 White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow,  
Larded with sweet flowers:  
Which bewept to the graue did go,<sup>3</sup>  
With true-loue shewres.

## FROM KING LEAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

BLOW windes, and crack your cheeks; Rage, blow  
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,  
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown'd<sup>4</sup> the  
Cockes.

You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,  
5 Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,  
Sindge my white head. And thou all shaking Thunder,  
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,  
Cracke Natures moulds, all germanes spill at once  
That makes ingratefull Man.

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Ll. 23 to 26 two lines.*    <sup>2</sup> *Ll. 29 to 32 two lines.*

<sup>3</sup> did not go *QqF*.

<sup>4</sup> drown *F*, drown'd *Q*.

## ACT IV. SCENE V.

huw fu:ld ij iur triu-luv kno:  
 from ænuder o:n?  
 bij hiz kok,l hæ:t ænd stæf, 25  
 ænd hiz sændæl fu:n.  
  
 hi iz ded ænd go:n, læ:di,  
 hi iz ded ænd go:n; 30  
 æt hiz hed æ græs-grin turf,  
 æt hiz hi:lz æ sto:n.  
  
 hwijt hiz fruwd æz de muwntæin sno:, 35  
 lærded wid swit fluwrz;  
 hwitf biwept tu d(e) græ:v did go:  
 wid triu-luv fuwrz.

## FROM KING LEAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

blo:, wijndz, ænd kræk iur tʃi:ks! ræ:dʒ! blo:!  
 iu kætærækts ænd hurikæ:no:z, spuwt  
 til iu hæv drentʃt uwr sti:p,lz, druwnd de koks!

iu sulfrus ænd θout-eksekiutiŋ fijrʒ,  
 va:nt-kurʃorʒ ov o:k-kle:vij θunder-boults, 5  
 sindʒ mij hwijt hed! ænd duw, a:l-fæ:kiŋ θunder,  
 strijk flæt de θik rotunditi oð world!  
 kræk næ:tiurʒ mouldz, a:l dʒermæinz spil æt o:ns,  
 dæt mæ:ks ingræ:tful mæn.

. . . . .

Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:  
 15 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;  
 I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.  
 I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;  
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,  
 20 A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:  
 But yet I call you Seruile Minifters,  
 That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne  
 Your high-engender'd Battailles, 'gainst a head  
 So old, and white as this. . . . .

\*            \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE VI.

How fearefull

And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,  
 The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre  
 Shew scarfe so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe  
 15 Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:  
 Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.  
 The Filhermen, that walke<sup>1</sup> vpon the beach  
 Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,  
 Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy  
 20 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,  
 That on th'vnnubred idle Peble chafes  
 Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,  
 Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight  
 Topple downe headlong.

\*            \*

<sup>1</sup> walk'd *F*, walke *Q*.



rumb,l dij beliful! spit, fijr! spuwt, ræin!  
 nor ræin, wijnd, thunder, fijr, ær mij dæ:terz: 15  
 ij tæks not iu, iu el(e)ments, wið unkiyndnes;  
 ij never gæ:v iu kiŋdum, ka:ld iu tŋldren,  
 iu o: mi no: subskripsïon: den let fa:l  
 iur hor(i)bl ple(:)ziur; he:r ij stænd, iur slæ:v,  
 æ pur, infirm, we:k, ænd dispijzd ould mæn: 20  
 but jit ij ka:l iu servil ministerz,  
 dæt wil wið tur pernisïus dæ:terz dgoiŋ  
 iur hij indgenderd bæ:t,lz gæ:inst æ hed  
 so ould ænd hwijt æz dis.

\*                      \*

## ACT IV. SCENE VI.

huw fe:rful

ænd dizi tiz, tu kæst o:nz iŋz so lo:!  
 de krouz ænd tŋufs dæt wiŋ de midwæi æir  
 ʃo: skærs so gro:s æz bi:t,lz: ha:f wæi duwn  
 hæŋz o:n dæt gæderz sæmpijr, dre(:)dful træ:d! 15  
 mi thiŋks hi si:mz no biger den hiz hed:  
 de fiŋermen, dæt wa:k upon de be:tŋ,  
 æpe:r lijk mijs; ænd jond ta:l æŋk(o)riŋ bærk,  
 diminift tu her kok; her kok, æ bwoi  
 a:lmo:st tu: sma:l for sijt: de murm(u)riŋ surdz, 20  
 dæt on dunnumbred ijd,l peb,l tŋæ:fs,  
 kænot bi hærd so hij. ijl lu:k no mo:r;  
 le(:)st mij bræin turn, ænd de defisïent sijt  
 top,l duwn hedloŋ.

\*                      \*

## ACT V. SCENE III.

*Lear.* HOWLE, howle, howle, howle: <sup>1</sup> O you <sup>2</sup>  
are men of stones,  
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vse them so,  
That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.  
<sup>260</sup> I know when one is dead, and when one liues,  
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,  
If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,  
Why then she liues.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror? <sup>3</sup>

*Alb.* Fall and cease.

265 *Lear.* This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,  
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes  
That euer I haue felt.

*Kent.* O my good Master.

*Lear.* Prythee away.

*Edg.* 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

*Lear.* A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,  
270 I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:  
*Cordelia, Cordelia,* stay a little. Ha:  
What is't thou faist? Her voice was euer soft,  
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

305      *Lear.* And my poore Foole is hang'd: no,  
no, no life?

Why should a Dog, a Horfe, a Rat haue life,  
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,  
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.

Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,

<sup>1</sup> *The fourth* howle in *Q* only.    <sup>2</sup> your.    <sup>3</sup> *Full stop.*

## ACT V. SCENE III.

le:r.] huwl, huwl, huwl, huwl! o:, iu ær  
men ov sto:nz:

hæd ij iur tunz ænd ijz, ijld iuz dem so:  
ðæt he(:)v,nz va:lt fu:ld kræk. fi:z go:n for ever!  
ij kno: hwen o:n iz ded. ænd hwen o:n livz; 260  
fi:z ded æz e(:)rθ. lend mi æ lu:kiŋ-glæs;  
if ðæt her bre(:)θ wil mist or stæin de stoin,  
hwij, den fi livz.

kent.] iz dis de promist end?

edgær.] or imædz ov ðæt horor?

æ:l bæni.] fa:l, ænd se:s!

le:r.] dis feðer sturz; fi livz! if it bi: so:, 265  
it iz æ tfæns hwitf duz redi:m a:l sorouz  
ðæt ever ij hæv felt.

kent.] o: mij gud mæster!

le:r.] pridi:, æwæi.

edgær.] tiz no:b,l kent, iur frend.

le:r.] æ plæ:g upon iu murd(e)rerz, træitorz a:l!  
ij mijt hæv sæ:vd her; nuw fi:z go:n for ever! 270  
korde:lîæ, korde:lîæ, stæi æ lit,l. hæ:!  
hwæt ist ðuw sæist? her vois wæz ever soft,  
dzent,l, ænd lo:, æn eks(e)lent θij in wumæn.

le:r.] ænd mij pu:r fu:l iz hæyð! no:, no:, 305  
no: lijf!

hwij fu:ld æ dog, æ hors, æ ræt hæv lijf,  
ænd ðuw no bre(:)θ æt a:l? ðuwlt kum no mo:r,  
never, never, never, never, never!  
præi iu, undu: dis but,n: θæŋk iu, sir.

810 Do you see this? Looke on her!<sup>1</sup> Looke her lips,  
Looke there, looke there.

*Edg.* He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

*Kent.* Breake heart, I prythee breake.

*Edg.* Looke vp my Lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he  
hates him,

That would vpon the wracke of this tough world  
315 Stretch him out longer.

## FROM OTHELLO.

### ACT I. SCENE III.

HER Father lou'd me, oft inuited me :  
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,  
130 From yeare to yeare: the Battailles,<sup>2</sup> Sieges, Fortunes,<sup>3</sup>  
That I haue past.  
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,  
Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:  
135 Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,  
Of haire-breadth escapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,  
And sold to flauery. Of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my Trauellours historie.  
140 Wherein of Antars vast, and Defarts idle,  
Rough Quarries, Rocks, and <sup>4</sup> Hills, whose heads <sup>5</sup>  
touch heauen,  
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Proceffe,

<sup>1</sup> her?    <sup>2</sup> Battaille. (*This and most other corrections from Q.*)    <sup>3</sup> Fortune.    <sup>4</sup> and om.    <sup>5</sup> head.

du iu si: dis? lʊk on her, lʊk, her lips, 310  
lʊk de:r, lʊk de:r!

edgær.] hi fæints! mij lord, mij lord!

kent.] bre:k, hært; ij pridi:, bre:k!

edgær.] lʊk up, mij lord.

kent.] veks not hiz go:st: o:, let him pæs!

hi: hæ:ts him

dæt wu:ld upon de wræk ov dis tuf world  
stretʃ him uwt longer. 315

## FROM OTHELLO.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

her fæder luvd mi:; oft invijted mi:;  
stil kwestīond mi: de sto:ri ov mij lijf,  
from je:r tu je:r, de bæt,lz, si:dʒez, fortiunz, 130  
dæt ij hæv pæst.

ij ræn it θru:, i:vn from mij boiif dæiz,  
tud veri mo:ment dæt hi bæd mi tel it;  
hwe:rin ij spok ov mo:st dizaēstrus tʃænsēz,  
ov mu:vij æksidents bij flud ænd fi:ld, 135  
ov hæir-bredθ skæ:ps id im(i)nent dedli bre:tʃ,  
ov bi:ij tæk,n bij de ins(o)lent fo:

ænd sould tu slæ:v(e)ri, ov mij redempšion dens  
ænd portæns in mij træv(e)lerz histori:  
hwe:rin ov ænterz væst ænd dezærts ijd,l, 140  
ruf kwæriz, roks ænd hilz hwu:z hedz tutʃ he(:)v,n,

it wæz mij hint tu spe:k,—sutʃ wæz mij pro:sēs;



ænd ov de kænibælz dæt e:tf uderz e:t,  
 de ænθropofædgij, ænd men hwu:z hedz  
 du gro: bine:d<sup>1</sup> dæir ſoulderz. de:z θiŋz tu he:r 145

wu:ld dezdemo:næ se:rriusli inkliŋ:  
 but stil de huws æfæirz wu:ld dra: her dens:  
 hwitf ever æz fi ku:ld wið hæ:st dispætſ,  
 fi:ld kum ægæin, ænd wið æ gre:di e:r  
 devuwr up mij disku:rs: hwitf ij obzerviŋ, 150  
 tu:k o:nz æ plijænt uwr, ænd fuwnd gud me:nz  
 tu dra: from her æ præir ov ernest hært  
 dæt ij wu:ld a:l mij pilgrimædg dilæ:t,  
 hwe:rov bij pærs,lz fi hæd sumθiŋ hærd,  
 but not intentivli. ij did konsent, 155  
 ænd oft,n did bigijl her ov her te:rz,  
 hwen ij did spe:k ov sum distresful stro:k  
 dæt mij jiuθ suferd. mij sto:ri bi:ŋ dun,  
 fi gæ:r mi for mij pæinz æ world ov si:z:  
 fi swo:r, in fæiθ, twæz strændz, twæz pæsiŋ strændz, 160  
 twæz pitiful, twæz wundrus pitiful:  
 fi wiſt fi hæd not hærd it, jit fi wiſt  
 dæt he(:)vn hæd mæ:d her sutſ æ mæn: fi θæŋkt  
 mi;

ænd bæd mi:, if ij hæd æ frend dæt luvd her,  
 ij ſu:ld but te:tf him huw tu tel mij sto:ri, 165  
 ænd dæt wu:ld wu: her. upon dis hint ij spæ:k:  
 fi luvd mi: for de dændgerz ij hæd pæst,  
 ænd ij luvd her dæt fi did piti dem.  
 dis o:nli iz de witf-kræft ij hæv iuzd.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or bine.θ.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

ALAS *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

- 150 Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,  
 I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:  
 If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,  
 Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,  
 Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence  
 155 Delighted them in any<sup>1</sup> other Forme,  
 Or that I do not yet, and euer did,  
 And euer will, (though he do shake me off  
 To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,  
 Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,  
 160 And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,  
 But neuer taynt my Loue. . . . .

\*

\*

\*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

- 340 I PRAY you in your Letters,  
 When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,  
 Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set downe ought in malice. Then must you  
 speake,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:  
 345 Of one, not easily Iealous, but being wrought,  
 Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand  
 (Like the base Indean threw a Pearle away  
 Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd  
 Eyes,  
 Albeit vn-vsed to the melting moode,

<sup>1</sup> them: or any.

<sup>2</sup> Then . . . speake, *a new line*.



## ACT IV. SCENE II.

ælæs, iæ:go;  
 hwæt fæl ij du: tu win mij lord ægæin?  
 gud frend, go: tu him; for, bij dis lijt ov he(:)vn, 150  
 ij kno: not huw ij lost him. he:r ij kni:l:  
 if e:r mij wil did trespæs gæinst hiz luv,  
 e:d(e)r<sup>1</sup> in disku:rs ov θout or æktiūæl di:d,  
 or ðæt mijn ijz, mijn e:rz, or æni sens,  
 delijted ðem in æni uder form; 155  
 or ðæt ij du: not jit, ænd ever did,  
 ænd ever wil—ðou hi du fæ:k mi of  
 tu begerli divorsment—luv him de:rli,  
 kumfort forswe:r mi:! unkijndnes mæi du: mutf;  
 ænd hiz unkijndnes mæi defe:t mij lijf, 160  
 but never tæint mij luv. . . . .

\*            \*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

ij præi iu, in iur leterz, 340  
 lwen iu fæl ðe:z unluki di:dz relæ:t,  
 spe:k ov mi: æz ij æm; noθiŋ ekstenūæt,  
 nor set duwn out in mælis: den must iu spe:k  
  
 ov o:n ðæt luvd not wijzli but tu: wel;  
 ov o:n not e:z(i)li dʒeliʊs, but bi:ŋ wrout 345  
 perplekst in de ekstre:m; ov o:n hwu:z hænd,  
 lijk ðe bæ:s indīæn, θriu æ perl æwæi  
 ritfer ðen a:l hiz trijb; ov o:n hwu:z subdiud ijz,  
  
 a:lbi:(i)t uniuzed tu de meltiŋ mu:d,

<sup>1</sup> *Hardly e:r.*

850 Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees  
 Their Medicinable gumme. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,  
 Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

---

## FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

THE Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne  
 [ Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,  
 Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that  
 The Windes were Loue-ficke with them. The Owers  
 were Siluer,<sup>1</sup>  
 200 Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water which they beate, to follow faster;  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person  
 It beggerd all discription, she did lye  
 In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiffue,  
 205 O're-picturing that Venus,<sup>2</sup> where we see  
 The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,  
 Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,  
 With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,  
 To glow<sup>3</sup> the delicate cheekes which they did coole,  
 210 And what they vndid did.  
 . . . . .  
 Her Gentlewomen,<sup>4</sup> like the Nereides,  
 So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,  
 And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,

<sup>1</sup> Loue-ficke. With them the Owers were Siluer  
 (With *beginning a new line*). <sup>2</sup> Venns. <sup>3</sup> gloue.

<sup>4</sup> Gentlewoman.

drops te:rz æz fæst æz ðe æræ:bïæn tri:z 350  
 ðæir med(i)sinæb,l gum.

. . . . .

ij kist di: er ij kild di:: no: wæi but dis;

• kilij mijself, tu dij upon æ kis.

## FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

### ACT II. SCENE II.

ðe bærdz ʃi sæt in, lijk æ burnift θro:n,  
 burnt on ðe wæter: ðe pu:p wæz be:t,n gould;  
 purp,l ðe sæilz, ænd so: perfumed ðæt  
 ðe wijndz wer luv-sik wið ðem; d(e) o:rz wer silver,

hwitf tu ðe tiun ov fliuts kept stro:k, ænd mæ:d 200

ðe wæter hwitf ðæi be:t tu folo: fæster,

æz æm(o)rus ov ðæir stro:ks. for her oun person,

it begerd a:l deskripsïon: ʃi did lij

in her pævilïon—kloθ ov gould ov tisiu—

o:r-piktiuriŋ ðæt ve:nus hwe:r wi si: 205

ðe fænsi uwtwurk næ:tiur: on e:tf sijd her

stu(:)d priti dimp,ld boiz, lijk smijliŋ kiupidz,

wið dijvers-kulord fænz, hwu:z wijnd did si:m

tu glou ðe del(i)kæ(:)t tʃi:ks hwitf ðæi did ku:l,

ænd hwæt ðæi undid did. 210

. . . . .

her dʒent,lwi(:)men, lijk ðe nereidz,

so mæni mermæidz, tended her id i:z,

ænd mæ:d ðæir bendz ædorniŋz: æt ðe helm

A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,  
 215 Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,  
 That yarely frame the office. From the Barge  
 A strange inuifible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast  
 Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*  
 220 Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whissing to th'ayre:<sup>1</sup> which but for vacancie,  
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,  
 And made a gap in Nature.

\*                      \*

ACT V. SCENE II.

GIVE me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue  
 Immortall longings in me. Now no more  
 285 The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyft this lip.  
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare  
*Anthony* call: I see him rowle himfelfe  
 To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock  
 The lucke of *Cæſar*, which the Gods giue men  
 290 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:  
 Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.  
 I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements  
 I giue to baſer life. So, haue you done?  
 Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my Lippes.  
 Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.

---

<sup>1</sup> to'th'ayre.

æ si:miŋ mermæid sti:rz: de silk.n tæk,l  
 swel wið de tutfez ov ðo:z fluwr-soft hændz, 215  
 ðæt jærli fræ:m de ofis. from ðe bærdz  
 æ strændz inviz(i)b.l perfium hits de sens  
 ov de ædʒæ:sent hwærfs. de siti kæst  
 her pi:p,l uwt upon her; ænd æntoni,  
 inθro:nd id mærket plæ:s, did sit ælo:n, 220  
 hwis(t)liŋ tu ðæir; hwitf but for væ:kænsi,  
 hæd go:n tu gæ:z on kle:opæ:ter tu:  
 ænd mæ:d æ gæp in næ:tiur.

\*       \*       \*

ACT V. SCENE II.

giv mi mij ro.b, put on mij kruwn; ij hæ:v  
 imortæl longgiŋz in mi:: nuw no mo:r  
 ðe dʒius ov e:dʒipts græ:p sæl moist dis lip: 285  
 jær, jær, gud ijræs; kwik. miθiŋks ij he:r  
 æntoni ka:l; ij si: him ruwz himself  
 tu præiz mij no:b,l ækt; ij he:r him mok  
 ðe luk ov se:zær, hwitf de godz giv men  
 t(u) ekskiuz ðæir æfter wræθ: huzbænd, ij kum: 290  
 nuw tu ðæt ne:m mij kurædz pru:v mij tijt,l!  
 ij (æ)m fiŋr ænd æir; mij uder elements  
 ij giv tu bæ:ser lijf. so:; hæv iu dun?  
 kum den, ænd tæk de læst wærmθ ov mij lips.  
 fæ:rwel, kijnd tʃærmæn; ijræs, loŋ fæ:rwel.

## FROM CYMBELINE.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Song.*

HEARKE, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate fings,  
 And Phœbus gins arife,  
 His Steeds to water at thofe Springs  
 25 On chalic'd Flowres that lyes:  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their Golden eyes  
 With euery thing that pretty is,  
 My Lady sweet arife:<sup>1</sup>  
 30 Arife, arife.

\*

\*

\*

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

COME Fellow, be thou honeft,  
 Do thou thy Mafters bidding. When thou feelt him,  
 A little witneffe my obedience. Looke  
 I draw the Sword my felfe, take it, and hit  
 70 The innocent Manlion of my Loue (my Heart:)  
 Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:  
 Thy Mafter is not there, who was indeede  
 The riches of it. Do his bidding, ftrike,  
 Thou mayft be valiant in a better caufe;  
 75 But now thou feem'ft a Coward.

. . . . .

Why, I muft dye:  
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
 No Seruant of thy Mafters. Againft Selfe-flaughter,  
 There is a prohibition fo Diuine,  
 80 That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my  
 heart:

<sup>1</sup> *Ll. 26 to 29 printed as two lines.*

## FROM CYMBELINE.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

hærk, hærk! de lærk æt he(:)vnz gæxt siŋz,  
 ænd fe:bus ginz æriŋz.

hiz sti:dz tu wæter æt do:z spriŋz  
 on tʃælist fluwrz dæt liŋz;

25

ænd wiŋkiŋ mæ:ri-budz biŋin  
 tu o:p dæir Gould,n iŋz:

wið ev(e)ri θiŋ dæt pri:ti iz,  
 miŋ læ:di swi:t, æriŋz:

æriŋz, æriŋz.

30

\*                      \*

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

kum, felo:, bi: duw onest:

du: duw diŋ mæsterz biðiŋ: hwen duw si:st him,  
 æ lit,l witnes miŋ obe:dïens: lʉ:k!

iŋ dra: ðe sword mijsself: tæ:k it, ænd hit  
 ðe in(o)sent mænʃion ov miŋ luv, miŋ hært:

70

fe:r not; ti:z empti ov a:l θiŋz but gri:f:

ðiŋ mæster iz not ðe:r, hwi: wæz indi:d

ðe ritʃez ov it: du: hiz biðiŋ; strijk

duw mæist bi vælʌent in æ beter ka:z;

but nuw duw si:mst æ kuwærd.

75

. . . . .

hwij, iŋ must diŋ;

ænd if iŋ du: not biŋ diŋ hænd, duw ært

no: servænt ov diŋ mæsterz. æŋŋæinst self-sla:ter

ðer iz æ prohibiʃion so: diviŋ

dæt kræ:v,nz miŋ we:k hænd. kum, he:rz miŋ hært. 80

Something's a-for't:<sup>1</sup> Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,  
 Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,  
 The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,  
 All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,  
 85 Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more  
 Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles  
 Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid  
 Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor  
 Stands in worse case of woe. . . . .

\*            \*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Song.*

*Guid.* Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,  
 Nor the furious Winters rages,  
 260 Thou thy worldly task hast don,  
 Home art gon, and tane thy wages.  
 Golden Lads, and Girles all must,  
 As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

*Arui.* Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,  
 265 Thou art past the Tirants stroake,  
 Care no more to cloath and eate,  
 To thee the Reede is as the Oake:  
 The Scepter, Learning, Phylicke must,  
 All follow this and come to dust.

270 *Guid.* Feare no more the Lightning flash.

*Arui.* Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.

*Gui.* Feare not Slander, Censure rash.

*Arui.* Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.

<sup>1</sup> a-foot.



sumθiŋz æ-fort. soft, soft! wi:l no: defens;  
 obe:dient æz de skæbærd. hwæt iz he:r?  
 de skriptiurz ov de lo:æl le:onæ:tus,  
 a:l turnd tu heresi? æwæi, æwæi,  
 korupterz ov mij fæiθ! iu fæl no mo:r 85  
 bi stum(æ)kerz tu mij hært. dus mæi pu:r fu:lz  
 bili:v fa:ls te:tferz: dou do:z dæt ær bitræid  
 du fi:l de tre:z,n færppli, jit de træitor  
 stændz in wurs kæ:s ov wo: . . . . .

\*                      \*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

[soŋ.]

gijde:rīus.] fe:r no mo:r de he:rt od sun,  
                   nor de fiurīus winterz ræ:dgez;  
 duw dij worldli tæsk hæst dun, 260  
                   ho:m ært go:n, ænd tæ:n dij wærdgez:  
 gould,n lædz ænd gīrlz a:l must,  
 æz tŋimni-swi:perz, kum tu dust.

ærvirægus.] fe:r no mo:r de fruwn od gre:t;  
                   duw ært pæst de tijrænts stro:k; 265  
 kæ:r no mo:r tu klo:d ænd e:t;  
                   tu di: de ri:d iz æz de o:k:  
 de septer, lerniŋ, fizik, must  
 a:l folo: dis, ænd kum tu dust.

gijde:rīus.] fe:r no mo:r de lijtniŋ-flæf, 270  
 ærvirægus.] nor dai:l-dre(:)ded θunder-sto:n;  
 gijde:rīus.] fe:r not sklender, sensiur ræf;  
 ærvirægus.] duw hæst finift dzo: ænd mo:n:

*Both.* All Louers young, all Louers must,  
275 Consigne to thee and come to dust.

*Guid.* No Exorcisor harme thee,

*Arui.* Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

*Guid.* Ghost vnlaide forbeare thee.

*Arui.* Nothing ill come neere thee.

280 *Both.* Quiet confumation haue,  
And renowned be thy graue.

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bo:θ.] a:l luverz juŋ, a:l luverz must  
konsijn tu di:, ænd kum tu dust. 275

gijde:rīus.] no: eksorsijzer hærm di:!

ærvirægus.] nor no witfkræft tšærm di:!

gijde:rīus.] go:st unlæid forbe:r di:!

ærvirægus.] noθiŋ il kum ne:r di:!

bo:θ.] kwijet konsiumæ:sion hæ:v; 280

ænd renuwned bi: diŋ græ:v!

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